Christian Secretary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH. "WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES." TERMS—$2 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXVI. HARTFORD, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1847. NEW SERIES. VOL. X. NO 4.

Christian Secretary.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE OFFICE CORNER MAIN AND ASYLUM STREETS.

Terms.

Subscribers in the city, furnished by the Carrier, at Two Dollars per annum.

Papers sent by mail at $2,00, payable in advance, with a discount of twelve and a half per cent. to agents becoming responsible for six or more copies.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates of advertising in this city.

All communications on subjects connected with the paper should be addressed to BURR & SMITH, *post paid*.

For the Christian Secretary.

Historical Sketch

OF THE THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH IN COLCHESTER.

The whole number of members enrolled on the church records is 159—60 males and 99 females. The present number is 70.

There have been connected with this church as members, 4 ordained and 5 unordained ministers. One, long and faithfully served the church as its clerk, a deacon and a preacher. This sketch is mostly prepared from the full and faithful records which he kept. He was a pillar in the church, and as long as it has an existence, it should cherish his memory with grateful recollections. Another served the church for a season and then removed to another field which is the last notice made of him. Another, one of the constituent members, was ordained at Middletown, and afterward removed to another field, and as I have learned by one of the present members of the church, has since gone to his reward. Another, brought up in the midst of the church in its eastern location, was licensed by it, ordained as its Pastor, and, after serving it for several years, removed to another field. Having since served several churches, he is now living, with impaired health, on Long Island. If it can consist with the Divine will, our prayer is, that he may be restored to health and usefulness in the church and in the world. Another, licensed by the church, was afterward ordained in Long Meadow, Mass., has since served a number of churches and is now a respected minister in the north-western part of the State. Another died and was buried in the midst of the people with whom he worshipped and by whom he was licensed, in the short space of one year after the date of his license. A *striking warning* for those who remain, to do with *their might what their hands find to do*. Another, ordained as pastor of the church, served it for a season, has since labored as a pastor and an evangelist, in this and other States, and is now pastor of the Baptist church in Lyme. Another stands a licentiate, and is teaching a select school in another part of the town. And the last, having feebly served the church since Nov., 1845, is still permitted through grace, to labor with and pray for its prosperity. Within the last named period, about $1000 have been raised to liquidate the debt which was owed on the house, and to pay for the bell, which was purchased last spring, besides a sum sufficient to defray the current expenses. Besides this, there have been paid to the A. B. P. Society, $20—to constitute the superintendent a life member; $20 to the A. and F. B. Society, to complete a life membership in that; nearly enough is raised to pay to the Treasurer of the Convention, the amount which the committee of the board requested us to raise for Domestic Missions; (the remainder will soon be raised and the whole forth coming,) and there is on hand about one third of the requisite sum to constitute a life membership in the A. B. M. Union.—The "Benevolent Society," (sewing society,) have raised and expended in various ways during the past year, between $40 and $50.

In the light of the facts which we thus have concerning this people, we are prepared to respond to the sentiment of the passage of scripture which was placed at the head of the discourses from which this article is prepared, and say, "The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance."

We have followed this little obscure band through their toils, and trials, and rejoicings, from 1809 until the commencement of 1847. It has been like the bush which Moses saw in the back side of the desert of Midian,—"*Always burning, yet not consumed.*" God has thus far led this people by His own hand, and His providence has ever said to *them*, as, when incarnate, His voice did to His disciples, "Fear not little flock."

They are now located in a pleasant, enterprising, and growing village. Let them but trust, and obey the Lord their God, and they may reasonably expect permanent and increased prosperity. We would press upon them the memorable mottoes of the venerated Carey.

"Undertake great things for God;
Expect great things from God."

While we would invoke for them the earnest prayers of all who can say to Zion, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity attend thy palaces." W.

From the Christian Sentinel.

Evidences of Evangelical Repentance.

The Apostle Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians, found occasion to reprove them for their dissentions, their neglect of discipline, and their profanation of the Lord's supper. In his second epistle, he expresses his gratification that his reproofs had produced the desired effect. He says, chap. 7: 8, 9, "Though I made you sorry with a letter, I do not repent, though I did repent; for I perceive that the same epistle had made you sorry, though it were but for a season. Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance; for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing." The apostle took no pleasure in wounding the feelings of his Corinthian brethren; but he rejoiced that he was permitted to believe that they had been brought to true repentance for their sins. That their repentance was unfeigned and genuine, he expressed his full belief; and in the eleventh verse of this chapter, he assigns the reasons which led him to indulge this belief. These were founded on the effects which their repentance had produced. Their conduct had evinced, beyond all reasonable doubt, that their sorrow was of a godly sort. They had brought forth fruit meet for repentance. The evidences of their repentance are thus stated by the Apostle. "For behold this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you—yea, what clearing of yourselves,—yea, what indignation—yea, what fear—yea, what vehement desire—yea, what zeal—yea, what revenge—In all things ye have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter."

As true repentance is essentially the same in all instances; we are to expect it will manifest itself in a similar manner in all who are subjects of it. We may, therefore, safely consider the things specified by the Apostle, as the genuine fruits and evidences of true repentance wherever it exists.

The first thing mentioned by the Apostle, is carefulness. "What carefulness it wrought in you"—carefulness to avoid sin in future. This is an invariable effect of true repentance. The person who has been brought to see the evil of sin—who has tasted the wormwood and the gall—who has seen it to be an evil and a bitter thing that he has sinned against God—whose heart has been broken—who has realized the unreasonableness and hatefulness of sin, and sorrowed for it after a godly sort, will be careful to avoid it. He will not only confess his sins, but forsake them with peculiar care. He will keep his heart with all diligence, and walk with the utmost circumspection, lest he should again dishonor God and wound his own soul. He will set a guard upon his lips, avoid as much as possible places of dangerous resort, and "watch and pray" that he "enter not into temptation."

It is perfectly evident that the person who takes no care to avoid sin, has never truly repented of it. His heart has never been penetrated with godly sorrow. He has never felt, as the publican, and as the prodigal, and as Mary Magdalene felt. Will not the person who has narrowly escaped some imminent danger, be careful to avoid that danger in future? And will not the person who has seen sin to be what it is, who has seen himself to be on the verge of perdition, and who has been plucked as a brand out of the fire, be "careful to depart from iniquity." Most surely he will endeavor to "keep a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards men."

The next thing mentioned by the Apostle, is, "What clearing of yourselves."—This may perhaps, denote the pains which they took to wipe off the stain which their sin had brought upon the cause of Christ, and to repair the injury which they had done. This is, also, an invariable effect of evangelical repentance. The true penitent is not only sorry for his sin, but he is disposed to do all in his power to repair the evil which his sin may have occasioned. If he has brought reproach upon the cause of Christ and "given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme," he is anxious to do what he can to counteract the evil which his sin has produced. If he has injured any individual in his person, property, or good name, he is ready to make all the reparation in his power. Thus penitent Zacheus said to Christ, "If I have taken any thing by false accusation, I restore four fold." He who refuses to make reparation for injuries, does not truly repent. He still justifies his sin. He allows it in his heart. And whatever remorse of conscience he may experience, he does not sorrow after a godly sort.

The person who has been instrumental of corrupting the morals of others by his example or enticements, or of corrupting their principles by sophistry; if he repents, will be anxious to clear himself of the blood of their souls. For this purpose, he will confess to them his guilt, and warn them not to be influenced by his reasoning or example. He will feel a tender concern for their welfare, and be as earnest to deliver them out of the snare of the devil, as he had been to lead them into it.

The next thing mentioned by the Apostle, is, indignation. "Yea, what indignation"—Indignation at sin. The true penitent hates sin. It appears to him to be odious. He views it in some measure as God views it. And God views sin with abhorrence.—It excites his anger, his wrath, his indignation. And the true penitent who is renewed in the image of God, has some of the same feelings. He feels indignant at himself to think that he should have acted so unreasonable a part—that he should have sinned against so glorious a Being—that he should have broken so reasonable a law, and violated such infinite obligations. He feels that he is vile, and hates his own vile character. Thus Job said, "I abhor myself"—Thus Ephraim said, "Surely after that I was turned, I repented. After that I was instructed I smote upon my thigh." This self-abhorrence and indignation the publican manifested when he smote upon his breast, and would not lift his eyes to heaven.

And the true penitent not only abhors his own sins, but sin wherever he sees it. He is never disposed to justify sin, or to connive at it in any of his fellow men. He has no "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," but reproves them. There is such a thing as being angry without sinning. We have many examples in the scriptures of this kind of anger, which are recorded with evident marks of Divine approbation. Nehemiah felt it when he was informed of the oppression which the nobles exercised over their brethren. He said, "I was angry when I heard their cry and these words. Then I consulted with myself, and I rebuked the nobles and the rulers, and I said unto them, ye exact usury every one of his brother. And I set a great assembly against them." Moses was filled with indignation when he came down from the mount, and perceived the sin of the Israelites. Paul breaks out with holy indignation against those who cavil at the sovereignty of God and accuse him of injustice. "Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God."

(Concluded next week.)

Shall Christians Dance?

The following answer to this question, in the last American Messenger, is, we suspect, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Yale. It is seasonable, to the point, and *multum in parvo*:

Why not *Christians*, if anybody? We would not advise a *sinner* to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God—and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish—and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour—shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations are those of Job! "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." Job 21: 11, 13.

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner.—"He is bought with a price." "He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of him, "who was meek and lowly in heart, and went about doing good." The Christian is "crucified to the world, and the world unto him;" so that "he rolls round his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and forever to enjoy the glory of God. Let him sing for joy, and dance too before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. For this is the apostolic exhortation:—"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a *time* to dance. At what point of time between our communion season and another shall it be? just before, or just after, we sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should, after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or, will they fix the time at a point equally distant from the celebration past, and the celebration to come; so that they may *forget*, or *almost forget*, the command, "This do in *remembrance of me*?" Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the High Priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent Sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This cry, under Almighty wrath, crushing him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a *time* to dance between one communion season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have *leisure* to dance. "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early, and continued to the end to be about his Father's business; so that in the end he could say to his Father, "I have glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." Then he was ready to depart, and with his last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done before their sun is set? Do they understand God's word so well that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in his house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and then find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God? to pray for all saints and the ministers of Christ with all prayer, and without ceasing? Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance? Then they must be *imitated* by others. Allowing that Christians have *time*, *leisure* and *money* for the dance, and that it may be proper for them to dance, still a question remains—Is it expedient? If it be lawful in the sight of God, does it tend to edification? Is it attended with no danger to others? Will the gay and the thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? Did the apostle Paul say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Should not we also look to the welfare of others? If it be not perilous to ourselves, yet if it be to others, charity requires us to abstain. If we should not advise sinners to dance, we certainly would not set the example. If but one member of a church be found in a ball-room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in heart, "Did not I see thee *at the Lord's table?* Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example, as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not those gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Dear Christian friend, how can you have any delight in this amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to holy and refined enjoyments? When all the sweets of paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul while on the way with them either to or from the merry meeting? Allowing that it is no worse than other vain amusements, is this the criterion of your duty? Dear friend, how came you to be in this vacillating state of mind? You did not feel as you do now, when you first hoped in Christ, when you joined yourself to the Lord and his people. Did you not then find your happiness in God, choose his people for your people, his law for your rule, his heaven for your home? Are you become, or are you about to become, one of those who draw back to perdition?

The Spirit of Christ in 'Extreme Cases.'

All the sentiments and actions of Jesus Christ, whilst on earth, were the fruits of the spirit that was in him. What being ever passed through more "*extreme cases*" than he? But did the spirit that was in *him* change with the exigencies of his condition? Did it bring forth different fruits in the different latitudes of his passage from the manger to the cross? Were not those qualities of character which he blessed on the Mount, the same that he manifested, in the sublimest degree of perfection, before Pilate's bar, and between the two thieves on the accursed tree? If then, the fiercest trials that assaulted him; if the bitterest draughts of malice, scorn, injury, and suffering, which were forced upon his lips; if all the aggravated violations of his civil and social rights; if all the malignant forms of ignominy and wrong, which he endured, could not pale for a moment his glowing spirit of love, or ruffle its pure heaven with an emotion of anger, or ill will towards a single human being; then, I ask, can any "*extreme cases*" change, in the heart of the fruit-bearing Christian, the same spirit that was in Christ? And if he abide in Christ, as the branch in the vine, he must be pervaded with that spirit. It will find its way into all his sentiments and actions. They will all partake of its qualities; which, the apostle says, are "*love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness*," &c. Let the wild olive of human nature bear what it may, these are the only fruits which the spirit of Christ will bear in any clime, or age, or condition of humanity; and if any man have not this spirit, and bear not this kind of fruit, "he is none of his."

The same apostle testifies to the eternal and ubiquitous uniformity of the fruits of this spirit, when he declares that "neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present, or to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ." The love of God is no insulated sentiment in the human soul. It is never found unassociated with the love of our brother whom we have seen. Love to our human brethren is the earthward reflection of the heart filled with the light and the life of the love of God. And if the heart emits no love-lighting beams toward man, we may rest assured that the side it turns toward God is cold and dark. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Then all true Christians on earth, however they may be divided by mountains, seas, or oceans, or by the most obstinate barriers of nationality, must dwell in love, if they have in them the spirit of Christ. And if they dwell in love, they will dwell in God, and God in them. And if God is *one*, must they not dwell together in *unity?* Can aught separate them whilst dwelling in his love? Can they divide Christ against himself, or his spirit into hostile factions? The first great truth embraced in the apostle's declaration would have been complete, if he had said, "neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present, or to come, shall be able to *separate us;*" for, by the constitution of God's nature, those who dwell in his love can not be separated.—They must dwell together in the *unity* of the spirit of Christ.—*Christian Citizen.*

The Greek Version of the Pentateuch.

Whatever may be true of other books of the Old Testament, it is clear that those who put the Pentateuch into Greek, could not have designed to furnish an exact copy of the original. They have departed from it sometimes for the sake of what perspicuity seemed to them to require. They have asserted every where the right of making what they translate intelligible to their readers, according to their own ideas of the meaning to be conveyed. They have not only adhered to this law in justifiable cases, but in some passages which they found it difficult to understand, have ventured to say upon a single view of the sense, instead of leaving the language so as to suggest the possibility of other expositions or conjectures. Expressions and ideas which they regard as wanting in proper reverence for the Deity, they took the liberty to alter without scruple; and narrations of any kind which they thought would not be entirely honorary to them in the eyes of other nations, they softened and put in a milder light. Instances also occur, in which they have substituted their own sentiments for those of the sacred writers, and especially in which they have obtruded upon the text various peculiar dogmas, of the Alexandrian philosophy. The changes of a rhetorical character, which they have admitted, are innumerable. They vary the form and phraseology of the Hebrew almost at pleasure, for the purpose of securing a more elegant Greek diction. They avoid the bolded figures of the oriental style;—and though they seek to retain as far as possible the graces which belong to the poetic language of the Hebrews, they express for the most part entirely in the Greek way, those idiomatic phrases of daily life, which are so important to a just conception of the character and genius of a foreign people. *From the Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Hope in the Gospel.

The Christian needs the hope which the gospel proffers, to keep him from being borne down by the weight of his own corruptions. When he finds that he has been taken captive by the seductive influence of the world, and his corrupt inclinations have gained a partial victory, it is sometimes a moment of the keenest regret. The Christian never struggles so hard as in the resistance which he makes against the influence of his own corruptions. He is never smitten with severer anguish than when he has violated his obligations to Christ, or brought a reproach upon the Christian character.—His heart is never more full than when he goes to the throne of grace, to mourn over the prevalence and strength of his own inclinations. But how cheering is the hope that a process of sanctification will soon be completed in his soul, that the last vestige of pollution will be wiped away, that the sting of remorse will be extracted, and the final struggle with indwelling corruption will be past. If the consolations of christian hope are ever needed, surely it is when the soul can speak forth its feelings in the language of the Apostle, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But there is one more season and occasion in which the stoutest courage usually sinks, when the soul is unable to command the consolations of religious hope. I refer to the hour of death. Though philosophy and mere animal heroism may often sustain the soul under the lighter afflictions of life, there is a terror in death which usually admits of no other antidote than the Christian's hope. When the eyes are glistening in death, and the heart-strings breaking with pain, and the billows of Jordan raging about the soul with uncontrolled violence, oh then how much is the value of this precious anchor felt! Nothing but Christian hope can sustain the soul in this fearful tempest; but with this she is *safe*, and can ride the waves of Jordan without a chill of apprehension. What must not that hope be worth in the hour of death, which can raise its possessor above fear, and which fastens on all the glorious realities of the upper world. Give me this hope when I encounter the King of Terfors, and my dying exclamation shall be in the language of holy triumph, 'O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!'

Common Faults at Prayer Meetings.

Very much depends upon the pastor, or the conductor of the service. But much also depends on the brethren who are called upon to participate in its services. Very frequently much of the interest is destroyed by injudicious prayers. A common complaint is that the prayers are too long. Also, prayers are very apt to partake more of the nature of preaching than of praying.—There are didactic prayers, doctrinal prayers, argumentative prayers, controversial or polemic prayers, and even hortatory prayers. All this is unprofitable and wearisome. Every one who engages in social prayer should understand that there is no need of going through a system of theology at a single prayer, nor of praying for every thing that comes to mind, nor of enlarging upon every particular, nor of going over the same ground again and again, nor of praying as long as they can. That is ordinarily the most acceptable and profitable prayer, which is mainly the breathing of intense desire for some one thing. Such is nature's language. Attention to this matter would greatly reduce the quantity, and vastly improve the quality, of each prayer offered in the social meeting.

The interest of the people in some prayers is greatly marred by the frequent recurrence of a favorite form of expression. Sometimes a particular name of the Deity is so often introduced as to become very painful to a devout mind. If not taken in vain, or irreverently, it is used as a mere expletive, and should be omitted.

There are some who seem to forget altogether the capacity of the room in which they are assembled. Large or small, they always pray with the same quantity of voice. Some pray *loud* enough in family worship for a cathedral; others again, especially in the commencement of the prayer, speak so very *low* that not one in ten can hear what they say. Every one who leads in prayer should speak, ordinarily, just loud enough to be heard by all who are in the room. A low tone of voice is very suitable for the closet, but not for the social meeting; and a loud vociferation may answer for the camp meeting, but is very much out of place in a lecture-room, or parlor. It is a fault of other good brethren, whose voice and manner are very acceptable in personal conversation, that they indulge in a sort of cant as soon as they begin to pray. They put on an entirely different tone, or fall into some disagreeable habit or another, by which the comfort of those who unite with them is sadly impaired.

We might prolong this long list of faults and inadvertences of good men in prayer—for it is always easy to find fault. But when the great importance of social prayer is considered, and the sweet comfort which might be derived from it, if properly engaged in, our censure of the habits which impair and destroy it will be fully justified. A kindly word of admonition may sometimes correct a grievous fault; and there are but few sensible men who have not, on detecting in themselves some unsuspected foible or deformity, echoed the homely but expressive wish—

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see ourse'l's as ithers see us."

[*N. Y. Evangelist.*

That sorrow for sin which drives us away from God, is not without sin; for there is more despair in it than remorse: the soul hath so many tears in its eyes that it cannot see Christ. Sorrow as sorrow, doth not save (that were to make a Christ of our tears) but is useful as it is preparatory in the soul, making sin vile and Christ precious.

He that thinks he hath no need of Christ, hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him, hath too low thoughts of Christ.

CARE FOR THE YOUNG.—"When," asks Governor Slade, "will the statesmen of this nation—the noble intellects that move senates, and give tone and direction to the popular mind—learn that the surest guaranty of our safety and prosperity is to be found in the silent infusion into the minds and hearts of the people of all parties, and especially of the children, who belong to no party, of sound knowledge and true Christian principle."

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, APRIL 2.

"Divine Foreknowledge and Human Free Will."

A correspondent of the last Calendar undertakes to reconcile these two diverse doctrines in a communication of some two columns in length. He commences by saying he "doubts the possibility of reconciling them in a metaphysical way; but before he is half through he grows more bold and declares without equivocation, "there is a way in which they can be reconciled, actually, and very satisfactorily, and that too without bothering one's brains with metaphysics for a single hour. And what wond ous way is that? Not a wondrous way at all, but the plain, simple, matter of fact way, in which the Church solves the matter in the Prayer B ok, and that too without going beyond the services for every day."

As this discovery is a new one, we looked with some impatience to the passage quoted by this writer from the Prayer Book, which was to settle the vexed question of Divine foreknowledge and human free will "without bothering one's brains with metaphysics for a single hour." The Prayer Book and the Church were to solve the matter "*satisfactorily.*" Accordingly he tells us in the next paragraph, that "the Church teaches us for *doctrine*, that from God all holy desires, good counsels and just works proceed. And, yet, what is the exhortation she give us with this language full in view?—'Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, (not as many as are foreordained to it) to accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying,' i. e., saying yourselves, and not looking on to see others say so; insisting, that is, that all should join."

Here, then, we have it. The great question is settled, "*satisfactorily*" settled, to the writer's own mind, for he very gravely tells us, "You may gravel any Calvinist under heaven with it." What a pity this wonderful discovery was not made in the days of the Apostles and thus saved them and the whole host of theological writers that have since employed their pens upon this subject "the trouble of both ering their brains with metaphysics for a single hour!" Possibly the apostles were not supplied with the Prayer Book.

But the writer himself, after making his subject as clear as mud, seems to doubt the capacity of his readers to understand him, and he proceeds to illustrate his exposition, by showing how he once "ravelled a Calvinist." "Such a person," he says, "excused himself to me, one day, from repentance, &c., because, he said, God had not pleased to influence him, and he must wait till God was ready, if he ever should be. Sir, said I, if you choose, can you not, this very moment, kneel down and beseech God to forgive your sins? He colored to his t mples, and was silent. I tried the Church's way, it seems, and put the caveller out of countenance, in a single moment."

In his eagerness to 'gravel' this Calvinist, (who by the way was just about as much of a Calvinist as the Calendar's correspondent,) he goes over on to metaphysical ground. "If you *choose*, can you not," &c. But it seems he didn't "*choose*;" he only "*blushed*;" plainly showing he didn't believe what he said. Paul might have knelt down and prayed God to forgive his sins for the sake of Christ who died, before he commenced persecuting the Church, if he had only *chose* to do so; but it seems from his own version of the story he didn't make this *choice* till he was influenced by a higher power. The fact is, men can, and do, repent when they *choose*, and not before. It is only for the want of a will to choose, that they do not repent sooner, the Church and the Prayer Book to the contrary notwithstanding. But to pursue this point would lead us on to the *metaphysical* side of the question, which the writer thinks is not worth "bothering one's brains a single hour" upon, so we dismiss the subject, simply remarking that the writer himself cannot tell precisely, nor indeed any better than his readers, "how God can sanctify the pouring a little water on an infant's brow;" for the Bible leaves us wholly in the dark, however clear the Prayer Book may be, on this point.

The Bible for Slaves.

The question of furnishing the slaves with the Bible has attracted some notice of late; and when its importance and justice is considered, should attract more. Circulars have been addressed to the managers of the American Bible Society urging them to engage in the undertaking, and letters of inquiry have been written with a view to ascertain the practicability of such a result. The N. York Baptist Register in noticing this movement urges one unanswerable argument in favor of it, if the view taken of slavery at the South is correct, viz: "*If the slave system of the South be sustained by the Bible, why not let those who can read, read for themselves? and why not teach those to read it who now cannot, that they also may be properly informed?*"

To the mere worldling who cares nothing for the Bible himself, or for the good of his slaves further than to avail himself of the greatest possible pecuniary advantages from their labor, this question will have no weight; but there are professed Christians at the South who hold slaves, and who claim to be governed by the precepts of the gospel; to such we put the question in all kindness, and ask them how they can answer it at the bar of God, if they withhold the word of life from the immortal beings whom the law recognizes as their property? Oral instruction is not sufficient; the slave has as good a right to the Bible as his master. There is then but one way for them to answer it, that we can conceive of, which will afford them the slightest shadow of excuse—the law forbids the instruction of slaves. But will this be available for the Christian professor? It must be recollected that these very men bear a conspicuous part in the *making of the Laws*; and if their influence went for giving the slave his rights in this particular, it would have a powerful tendency to set public opinion right. It is true a movement has recently been made in some of the Southern states for imparting religious instruction to the slaves, and we are glad it is so, but nothing is said about giving them the Bible. The instruction must be imparted principally by white teachers we suppose; and as this must be done mainly on the Sabbath, it cannot be very general or very perfect—the *rudiments* of Christianity is as much as can be expected, and even this to only a limited number; the great mass of the slaves must, under the existing laws, be suffered to remain in almost total ignorance of the great plan of salvation. Admitting, then, that the Bible upholds slavery, we put it to the ministers of the gospel and to editors of religious papers at the South, (Baptist editors especially) if it is not their duty to advocate a repeal of the law that prohibits slaves from learning to read, and to use every other means in their power to give them the rudiments of an education at least, and the Bible along with it. We confess that such a course as this on their part would do more towards compelling us to credit the sincerity of their professed belief in the divine right of slavery than anything we have yet seen.

Catholic Gratitude.

"In the midst of such scenes; of dreadful sufferings and of generous charity, it were strange if Protestantism of the true and genuine type should not show its hideous form. It has done so! In shame for our wretched humanity we would wish to be able to deny it. We would fain think that the serpents of the pit had assumed the empty form of bible-pedlars, and had not found any of the human-race so God-forsaken as to serve so purely hellish a cause. But, except we take this explanation, there is no other way to escape from it that *the canting miscreants of Exeter Hall had gone to Ireland, crept into the hovels where poor Catholics were writhing in the agonies of a death from starvation, with rice boiled and prepared in their hand, and have offered it, on the condition of abjuring the Catholic faith, and when the condition was rejected, have gone away and left the poor Catholic to certain death!* Is it not well, is it not full time that Protestantism of this type has lost its hold on public sentiment, and that the howl of its self-confessed dissolution is no longer interrupted save by the jeerings of those whom it has attempted to dupe?"

The "Freemen's Journal," the organ of Bishop Hughes, of New York, is entitled to the credit of the above paragraph. The editor, it would seem, is fearful that the generosity of Protestant America will open the eyes of some of the bigoted Catholics to the real views and feelings of Protestants, and he has chosen this method to guard them against its effects. Whether there is any truth in this story no one can tell. We doubt it; still, it is barely possible that there may have been some one so bigoted as to attempt to proselyte in this way.—If so, the editor of the Freemen's Journal knew well enough that it was a rare case, and would not apply to Protestants generally. But no matter for that after his countrymen, perhaps his own relatives, have been fed and saved from starvation, like the viper which the husbandman warmed in his bosom he turns around and bites the hand that saves him. Will such base aspersions induce the Protestants of this country to continue their benefactions for the starving Irish? We think not. One would naturally suppose that a decent regard for the common civilittes of life, would induce this man to thank the benefactors of his country in behalf of his starving friends; but instead of this, he renders cursing for blessing. We have no disposition to enkindle bad blood between Protestants and Catholics; for we have them in our midst; we have them all around us; we must live and die among them, and prudence would seem to dictate that we should live as peacably as possible with them. But when such unprovoked, uncalled-for, attacks are made upon the whole mass of Protestants, they very naturally excite feelings of none too kind a nature. But we will not pursue the subject; it is only, perhaps, a natural ebullition of Popery. The Journal of Commerce comments upon it as follows:

"It must be a most inveterate habit of lying which the present deplorable condition of Roman Catholics, and the noble generosity of Protestants cannot silence. Such a story as this, must be an outright made up slander, without one word of truth about it. But even if one or two individuals had done just what is here represented, how poor a soul must that Catholic have, who would make a noise about it here, and how exceeding ungerous in the midst of Protestant liberality, to call *that* "Protestantism of the true and genuine type." The thousands of dollars which come from all parts of our country for Catholic relief, (for there is no Protestant suffering of importance,) are, for the most part, given by Protestants who claim to be of the "true and genuine type." These free and happy States are peopled with such. But what if some Protestant association, unable to help all, had thought it a chief duty to aid Protestants. Has Popery anything to say against that? "Left to certain death!" If this had been the extent of Popish cruelty, its guilt would have been comparatively small. But it has not left Protestants to die. Its pathway through the dark ages and while it had the power, was a broad way, piled high with Christian corpses on either side, and gullied deep with the river of Christian blood which was ever flowing through it, from victims *put to death* with all possible horrors. Left to die! Do you think that wrong? What do you think of shutting a mother in one room, and her child in an adjoining room, where she could hear its cries and its breathing, and then starving them both to death, because that mother refused to abjure Jesus Christ and worship the Virgin Mary? Such things as these, in hundreds of thousands of instances, and by the highest Catholic authorities, we have to balance your slander, thrown thus meanly back in the face of a generous Protestant world, laboring earnestly to relieve Catholic misery—and that misery created almost wholly by Romanism itself. Left to die, eh!"

Intelligence from Dr. Judson.

Letters have been received at the Missionary Rooms, Boston, from Dr. Judson, announcing the safe arrival of the missionaries at Burmah. The following extract, dated "Land—ho! Nov. 27," is taken from the last Christian Watchman.

"One hundred and thirty-nine days from Boston, and the mountains of Burmah appear in the horizon. None ever had a pleasanter passage than we have been favored with, though rather long, from the prevalence of bad winds. The Faneuil Hall is a good sailer, an excellent sea boat, and furnished with the best accommodations. The table was well furnished, and the captain endeared himself to us, not only by unremitting kindness, but by the interchange of congenial sentiments and feelings on the subject of religion. Two services on Lord's days, one a Bible class in the saloon, the other, public worship on deck, with the crew, together with evening worship every day, have given the character of a Bethel to our floating home. We have all enjoyed good health, except Mrs. Judson. She suffered, indeed, less from sea-sickness than we had apprehended; but the cold air of the sea during most of the voyage, has not been congenial to her temperament and constitution; and we feel that we have as good ground as ever to hope that, once settled in a tropical climate, she may enjoy good health.

In regard to myself, I took a bad cold about the time of sailing, accompanied with increased irritation of the throat, occasioned by some small attempts at public speaking; and the result was a severe cough, which continued for about a month; but since that passed away, my throat has been recovering, and now I seem to myself to be quite well. In regard to my studies, I have not much to boast of. Not having my native assistants with me, I have not ventured to go forward in the dictionary, but have employed myself in revising and transcribing for the press, the first half of the English and Burmese part, which had been previously sketched out. This work I had hardly completed, when the cry of 'land ho!' saluted our ears."

In a postscript, dated Maulmain, Dec. 18th, Dr. J. speaks of having become settled in his "old domicil," with his two surviving children, commencing missionary operations.

Anti-Christ.--No. 3.

2. *Anti-christ denies Christ that equality with the Father which the Sacred Three unite in affirming.* 1. The Father, who styles himself the Lord of Hosts, calls Christ his fellow, i. e. his equal, Zech. 13: 7, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." Christ is the Father's eternal associate. He was with him before the world was made, (John 17: 5,) and he was his infinite companion in creating all things. Nothing was done by the Father without his counsel and aid, (John 1: 1–3.) He was one of the parties in the covenant of redemption, which is parallel with the divine existence, (Ps. 89: 26–36; John 17: 24.) All these facts are denied by anti-christ. Hence those who indulge this spirit, cast the lie upon him whom they profess to adore as "the *one* God."

2. Christ assumes this relation as a matter of right as declared by Paul in Phil. 2: 6, "Who being in the form of God, *thought it not robbery* to be equal with God." To show the truth of this declaration, we need only cite a few passages from the Evangelists, wherein Christ expresses his right to equality with God the Father, and attested by the sacred writers in general. 1. As he that possesses all things equally with the Father, (John 16: 15,) "All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I, that he shall take of mine and show it unto you." Surely he that created all things, and by whom they consist, must own them. For the apostle testifies that "all things were created by and *for* him." They are his property,—he is the God of the whole universe of matter and mind. 2. As he that is Lord of the Sabbath equally with the Father, enjoying the same right to dispose of it as seems best in his sight; John 5: 17, 18, "But Jesus answered them, my Father worketh hitherto, and I work; therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, *making himself equal with God.*" Christ here affirms that, as the Father is continually engaged, on the Sabbath as well as at other times, in conducting the affairs of the natural world which are *necessary* works, and without which the operations of nature would cease to perform their part; and as the Father is not bound by the law which he made for man, so also Christ the Son performs his acts of mercy and does whatsoever he regards right without the restriction of the same law which he dispenses with by the same authority claimed by God, viz: the Lord of the Sabbath. He made this assertion for the purpose of convincing the Jews of his equality with the Father, *and they understood him in that light.* They regarded him to affirm as he meant, that both the Father and he had equal right to make the Sabbath subservient to their infinite purposes. 3. As he that is alike inconprehensible and unsearchable with the Father; Prov. 30: 4, "Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is his *Son's name*, if thou canst tell? Matt. 11: 27, "And *no man knoweth the Son but the Father*; neither knoweth any man the Father *save the Son*, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." These texts declare, 1. That God is infinite in his nature and perfections and works, and 2. That as such, he is beyond the knowledge or conception of human mind; 3. That Christ is the same; 4. That the union between the Father and the Son is so mysterious, being infinite, that no man can understand that relation only as either of the infinite persons reveals the one or the other in his character or works of mercy. And yet, after all, the revelation must be imperfect because of the inability of the understanding which is enlightened to comprehend infinity. 4. As he that is worthy of equal honor with the Father; John 5: 23; "That all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." Is God to be esteemed, revered, praised, adored? So is Christ also. Do we thus honor God as a being who searches the heart and knows us altogether, as one who possesses infinite perfections? *Even so* should we honor Christ. It must be exceedingly difficult to reconcile the above exhortation of our Lord with the idea of his inequality with the Father; especially so, when we consider the import of the conclusion, "He that honoreth not the Son, *honoreth not the Father* which sent him,"—as much as to say, that if a man do not pay homage to Christ as God, neither does he reverence or worship the Father. You cannot worship the one without the other, for they are *one* God. The testimony of the Holy Spirit through the apostles on this point, of worshipping or honoring Christ is too plain to be mistaken. The following passages from their writings must put this matter at rest, whether men receive the truth or not. Acts 7: 59, 60, "And they stoned Stephen, (who was) calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and when he had said this, he fell asleep." Say, ye anti-christ, did holy Stephen, the Christian martyr, die an *idolater*? Surely he did, if Christ be not God. Again, 2 Cor. 12: 8, 9, "For this thing *I besought the Lord* thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said, *my grace* is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the *power of Christ* may rest upon me." Was Paul the chief of the apostles, the leader of the churches, an idolater for praying to Christ? And did he indeed receive grace to bear his infirmities as a *reward* for his act of idolatry? Again, Heb. 1: 6, "And again when he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him." Pray, who will charge the almighty with causing his holy angels to practice idolatry in opposition to the law, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, *and him only* shalt thou serve." Truly, *Anti-christ.* Again, Rev. 5: 11, 13, "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." What a host of *righteous* idolaters in the whole universe of God, in heaven and earth! Here it is said that the innumerable company of angels and saints ascribe blessing, and honor, and glory equally to the Father and the Son, the Lamb, for ever and ever, or eternally. Hence if Christ is not God equally with the Father, there is unceasing idolatry among all who profess to worship God, whether at his throne in heaven or on earth his footstool. *Anti-christ* must decide this matter. 5. Christ is represented as guiding his ministers, and communicating grace equally with the Father. 1 Thess. 3: 11, "Now God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you. 2 Thess. 2: 16, 17, Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work." It is reasonable to suppose, that if Christ is the object of religious worship equally with the Father, he is equally qualified to answer prayer and communicate direction and comfort and strength to the needy worshippers. It must be surprising to every candid mind, how the *inspired* writers of the Bible should so *unitedly* speak of Christ, as to unavoidably leave the impression to the common reader that the Father and the Son were equally God, one being, in distinct persons. I say it must be surprising how Christ could be thus represented, if he were, in fact, a subordinate being—a mere creature? B.

A Week in Ireland.

Mr. Burritt, the "learned blacksmith" has crossed over into Ireland, and at the last dates had spent a week among the wretched, starving creatures of that famine-stricken island. The scenes of wretchedness which he witnessed there during this brief interval seems to have awakened all the kindlier emotions of his soul; and he has sent home the most thrilling, heart-moving appeal in behalf of these suffering wretches, that we ever read. He asks for food, old cast off clothing, and anything that can contribute to the comfort of starving, naked, houseless beings. One hundred dollars worth of food, he says, would be as valuable as two hundred dollars in money; for the latter would have to be sent back to America for food.

A sort of Journal of his visit, accompanies his Appeal, detailing with some minuteness the scenes which he witnessed during a residence of three days at Skibbereen. He was accompanied in his visits by Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Catholic priest, Dr. Donovan and Dr. Haddan. These details are too painful and heart-rending to be read. We make but two or three short extracts, which will serve as a fair specimen of the whole—for in running our eye over them we could discover but little difference in the distressing scenes that met his eye from day to day. The first is written under date of Feb. 20:

"As we continued our walk along this filthy lane, half naked women and children would come out of their cabins, apparently in the last stage of the fever, to beg for food "for the honor of God." As they stood upon the wet ground, we could almost see it smoke beneath their bare feet, burning with the fever.—We entered the grave-yard, in the midst of which was a small watch-house. This miserable shed had served as a grave where the dying could bury themselves. It was seven feet long and six in breadth. It was already walled round on the outside with an embankment of graves half way to the eaves. The aperture of this horrible den of death would scarcely admit the entrance of a common sized person. And into this noisome sepulchre living men, women, and children went down to die; to pillow upon the rotten straw, the grave clothes vacated by preceding victims, and festering with their fever. Here they lay as closely to each other as if crowded side by side on the bottom of one grave. Six persons had been found in this fetid sepulchre at one time, and with one only able to crawl to the door and to ask for water. Removing a board from the entrance of this black hole of pestilence, we found it crammed with wan victims of famine, ready and willing to perish. A quiet, listless despair broods over the population, and cradles men for the grave."

Feb. 21. "But the last cabin we visited in this painful walk, presented to our eyes a lower deep of misery. It was the residence of two families, both of which had been thinned down to half their original number by the sickness. The first sight that met my eyes on entering, was the body of a dead woman, extended on one side of the fireplace. On the other an old man was lying on some straw, so far gone as to be unable to articulate distinctly.—He might have been ninety, or fifty years of age. It was difficult to determine; for this wasting consumption of want brings out the extremest indices of old age in the features of even the young. But there was another apparition which sickened all the flesh and blood of my nature. It has haunted me during the past night, like Banquo's ghost. I have lain awake for hours, struggling for some graphic and truthful similes or new elements of description, by which I might convey to the distant reader some tangible image of this object. A dropsical affection among the young and old is very common to all the sufferers by famine. I had seen men at work on the public roads with their limbs swollen almost to twice their usual size. But when the woman of this cabin lifted from the straw, from behind the dying man, a boy about twelve years of age, and held him up before us upon his feet, the most horrifying spectacle met our eyes. The cold, watery-faced child was entirely naked in front from his neck down to his feet. His body was swollen to nearly three times its usual size, and had burst the ragged garments that covered him, and which now dangled in shreds behind him. The woman of the other family, who was sitting at her end of the hovel, brought forward her little infant, a thin-faced baby of two years, with clear, sharp eyes, that did not wink, but stared stock still at vacancy, as if a glimpse of another existence had eclipsed its vision. Its cold, naked arms were not much larger than pipe stems, while its body was swollen to the size of a full grown person. Let the reader group these apparitions of death and disease into the spectacle of ten feet square, and then multiply it into three-fourths of the hovels in this region of Ireland: and he will arrive at a fair estimate of the extent and degree of its misery."

"*Skibbereen, Feb.* 22. * * * Dr. Hadden called to take me into Castlehaven parish, which comes within his circuit. This district borders upon the sea, whose rocky indented shores, are covered with cabins of a worse description than those at Skibbereen. On our way we passed several companies of men, women, and children at work, all enfeebled and emaciated by destitution. Women, with their red, swollen feet, partially swathed in old rags, some in men's coats, with the arms or skirts torn off, were sitting by the roadside breaking stones. It was painful to see human labor and life struggling among the lowest interests of society. Men, once athletic laborers, were trying to eke out a few miserable days to their existence by toiling upon these works. Poor creatures! Many of them are already famine-stricken; they have reached a point from which they cannot be recovered. Dr. Donovan informs me that he can tell at a glance whether a person has reached this point or not. And I am assured by several experienced observers that there are thousands of men who rise in the morning and go forth to labor with their picks and shovels in their hands, who are irrecoverably doomed to death. No human aid can save them. The plague spot of famine is on their foreheads; the worm of want has eaten in two their heart-strings. Still they go forth uncomplaining to their labor; and toil, famished, and half naked, upon the roads; and divide their eight or ten pence worth of food at night among a sick family of five or eight persons. Some are kept at home, and prevented from earning this miserly pittance, by the fear, that some of their family may die before they return."

Mr. Burritt says that anything directed to Joseph Sturge, Birmingham, Eng., will reach him without delay. The British Government stands pledged to pay the freight upon all contributions of provisions and clothing which may be forwarded from the U. States, for the distressed districts in Ireland and Scotland.

Revival in Colchester Church.

I presume it will not be unacceptable to your readers to be informed how a God of love has blessed his people in this place.

For nearly five months we have been lingering around the throne of grace, for the plenitude of his spirit to be poured out upon us. The enemy had long thwarted this church with divisions; but God we trust had here a few praying saints, who were constantly humbling themselves in deep humiliation before the Triune God. Backsliders began to return to their Father's house, like the repenting prodigal. We felt that the set time had come to favor Zion. Prayer was offered without ceasing for those who had no hope in Christ. But in our extremity the King of Zion came with the outpouring of his spirit. Every one had a reason to say, in the temple of the Lord, "This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of Heaven." Many came there burdened and heavy laden, went away rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the children of God. God, as we trust, has redeemed about thirty, and some old hopers have been revived. We have received twenty four by baptism, one by experience and seven by letter; which increases our number thirty-two. We expect others will be immersed soon.

The work has been principally among the youth; but those, whose heads are frosted with many years, have been made recipients of redeeming grace. Our prayer is, that the Lord may yet have mercy on sinners, and strengthen our hands and hearts in defending His cause. The Lord reigneth, and will defend his servants. Surely he is purging his Zion, and will remove the chaff and leave to himself a pure and a peaceful remnent, whose motto shall be, "Holiness to the Lord." P. M.

Meeting of the Missionary Union.

I was pleased to notice an article in the Secretary of week before last, calling the attention of the churches to the approaching meeting of the Missionary Union. Still, it is to be feared that but little or nothing will be done by them. Allow me, therefore, to express through the paper, the opinion that probably more might be accomplished for the cause of God and the welfare of a perishing world, just at this crisis, by appropriating $30 or $40 to defray, in part, the expenses of the *right kind* of a brother to attend that meeting, than by paying it directly to the treasury of the Union. If we would have such a Constitution and such regulations as shall strongly unite the missionary feeling in the free states, the business must not be left altogether in the hands of the pastors in our large cities, who really know but little of the views and feelings of the great mass of Baptists. I could wish, therefore, that the country churches in Connecticut and throughout the Eastern States, might be heard, by their representatives, at the approaching anniversary. It may not occur to all, that none but *life members* can vote in the meetings of the Union, and that hardly a *score* of such are to be found west of the Alleghany mountains.

In conclusion, fearing the churches as such, will do but little in this matter to what they ought to do, I take the liberty to suggest to the several Ministerial Conferences to make selection of at least one of their number, and pay (perhaps one half) of his expenses, which would not be as much to each as we should probably pay to attend the meeting ourselves, if it were at New York or Boston. If such an arrangement can be made, the writer will stand pledged to meet his proportion of the cost.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

The War of the Poets.

The following communication explains the supposed difficulty of our correspondent, "C. T. D." in relation to the authorship of the poetry upon which she had something to say in the last Secretary.—We comply most cheerfully with Mr. Hardy's request to insert his "Explanation," which sets matters all right, hoping the poets will, hereafter, be more charitable towards each other.

MR. EDITOR:—In the "Christian Secretary" of the 26th ult., I find an article over the signature of "C. T. D." regarding some lines which appeared in the "*Charter Oak*" of May 14th, 1846. These lines were by me *selected* from "*Bowring's Poems*," and were so marked, when I sent them to that truly Christian Paper. The whole *explanation*, then, consists in this,—that the publisher of the Charter Oak, instead of *original*, should have printed *selected*.

It would be the extreme of folly to suppose that any *sane* person should take the verses of such a justly and extensively celebrated Christian poet as *Bowring*, and call them his own! and my only surprise is, that "C. T. D." has taken upwards of ten *months* to discover the mistake of the Charter Oak, —which had entirely escaped my observation.

By giving this *explanation* a place in the "Christian Secretary," you will much oblige,

Yours, &c. J. HARDY.

New Haven, March 27th, 1847.

Shade Trees.

A "Shade Tree Association" has been organized at Rahway, N. J., for the purpose of planting forest trees in the street of the town—a capital plan. The constitution requires the payment of $3 annually in money or trees, and the officers are required to procure and set out trees, collect subscriptions from members, and receive donations from citizens and publish an annual report.

The late Mr. John Morgan of this city, formerly one of our princely merchants, by a reverse of fortune was so reduced in his circumstances as to be compelled, in the latter part of his life, to take a smaller house for his residence. Here, at the age of three score years and ten, the old gentleman was busily engaged in transplanting fruit and forest trees, when his next door neighbor, who was still older than himself, remarked that the trees would be of no use to either of them. The man, replied Mr. M. who does not live as though he expected to live always is no man at all.

The remark, in a business point of view, was undoubtedly correct. Mr. M. lived long enough, however, to enjoy the fruit of his labor; the trees which he took the pains to transplant in his old age, having yielded an abundant supply of fruit, not only for himself, but also for his next neighbors. The importance of transplanting fruit and shade trees would be more generally felt and acknowledged if people supposed they were to live to enjoy the benefits to be derived from them; but it is too frequently the case that they reason as did the neighbor of Mr. Morgan, "they will never do us any good."—Such a principle is decidedly wrong, while that of Mr. M. holds good; for the garden which he was then cultivating is now well filled with good fruit trees, and the city is just so much benefitted by the labors of this aged citizen.

Transplanting trees, either for shade or fruit, although it may look like small business to some, is of real importance to a city or country town. Hundreds of beautiful villages and neighborhoods in our own State might be very essentially benefitted as regards the price of real estate by lining the streets with handsome shade trees. It is only necessary for a person to pass through two villages where shade trees have been transplanted and grown to maturity in one, and where *this duty* has been neglected in the other, in order to prove the truth of this remark. The expense of setting out young forest trees in a village is comparatively nothing. The young men of such a place might, in a single day, by turning out in a body, transplant trees enough to beautify a whole village; while the older ones would cheerfully permit their woodlands to be placed under contribution for such a purpose.

We are glad to find that the citizens of a single town in New Jersey have taken hold of this business in earnest; it speaks well for their good taste; and if they should not live to enjoy the good of their labors, their children will point with pride to that trait in the character of their fathers that induced them to ornament their town with beautiful shade trees. We are also glad to notice in the last New England Religious Herald a good article on this subject.

Items.

A SINGULAR RELIGION.—A lady who was engaged in distributing religious tracts among a large company of laboring women some days ago, was surprised to be told that their *religion* forbade them to accept of books. The lady had not time to inquire what their religion was, but it seemed to her a very strange religion which could forbid the acceptance of religious books, or any books decently written, when offered gratuitously.

The Pope is making new concessions to the Jews, and the Sultan in Turkey is doing the same towards the Christians.

In a charge recently delivered by the Bishop of Lyons, (who has been made a cardinal,) he speaks of the worship of the Virgin Mary as the "softener of the hardness of Christianity."

The clergy of the Archdeaconry of Leicester have passed a series of resolutions deprecating further concessions to the Roman Catholics, and especially the endowment of Romanism in Ireland.

The Rev. Samuel R. Meade has been received from the diocese of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Wm. H. Trapnell has been dismissed to the diocese of Delaware.

MIDDLETOWN.—We notice by the Sentinel and Witness, that the citizens of Middletown and the neighboring towns are making up a handsome contribution for the suffering poor of Ireland. A ship of nearly one thousand tons burthen is about completed and is to sail from Portland, opposite Middletown, for Glasgow, in a few days. Captain Churchill, who is to command her, has offered, without any expense for his services to take all the necessaries of life which may be obtained, and place the same for distribution in the hands of the civil authority of Glasgow. From what we have learned through other sources, we are led to believe that a very liberal donation will be made by the generous citizens in that section of the State.

Scotland has been too much overlooked in the sympathy that has been excited for Ireland. The destitution in the highlands is probably as great as in Ireland. The Sentinel mentions on the authority of letters from Scotland, that a number of deaths have occurred from starvation; in some places many families are living on fish, being entirely destitute of bread or animal food.

LOSS OF CROPS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—"If ministers are nearly right,"—says the London Bankers' Chronicle of Feb. 12th,—in their estimates of the value of the potatoes lost in Ireland, the whole loss of the British Islands within the last twelve months from potatoes, barley, oats, pigs and the disease in cattle, cannot be less than *sixty millions sterling*,"—about *two hundred and sixty millions of dollars.*

THE NEW POPE.—We see it stated in an exchange paper that "the Pope has been appointed Colonel of the civic guard of Rome. We may now call his holiness Col. Pope."

RUM'S DOINGS.—The house of Augustus Holdridge, of North Blenheim, Schoharie county, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the 15th inst., and the wife and five children consumed in the flames! The fire originated by the father returning home late at night *intoxicated*, and building a large fire. The mother was twice seen outside the burning building, but it is supposed on account of her desire to save her children she rushed into the flames and was lost.

Time Altered.—The meeting of the Ministerial Conference of the New Haven Baptist Association is to be held on the *13th of April*, instead of the 6th, as published in our last.

Missionary Union.—The receipts for the month of February as acknowledged in the April number of the Magazine, amount to $5,627 81. Total from April 1, to Feb. 28, $75,873 81.

New Publications.

The Genius of Scotland. By Rev. R. Turnbull.

A most interesting and attractive volume, with this title, has just made its appearance from the press of Robert Carter, N. Y. The plan of the work, so far as we are acquainted, is entirely original. It combines descriptions of Scottish Scenery with Literary and Biographical Sketches; Portraitures of character, social and religious, with incidents of travel, &c. &c. Born and educated among the hills of "Old Scotia," the author seems to catch the inspiration of her poets, her philosophers and her divines, and writes with all that enthusiasm which should ever characterize the man of noble soul, wherever his birthplace may have been. But Scotland is famed for her heroes, her divines, and her poets—her towering hills and beautiful lakes—her ruined towers and her soul-stirring legends. These are all familiar as the scenes of every day life to the author, and consequently his descriptions are to the life—his descriptive powers forming a striking characteristic in his writings.

In perusing the "Genius of Scotland" the reader soon imagines himself on the spot—now climbing her lofty hills or wandering over her bonnie braes—now following the windings of some lovely stream made immortal by the pastoral poets of Scotland, he fancies he sees Sir Walter Scott with his reel and line in the act of 'hooking up a muckle spotted trout,' and anon he finds himself among the ruins of some old castle, and feels that the spot is sacred from the illustrious deeds of those who lived in other centuries, and before he is aware of it, he is listening to a thrilling sermon from a distinguished divine.

The book is filled with a pleasing variety. The sketches of character of the most celebrated divines, the poets—the descriptions of Scottish scenery and Scottish life, all combine to render it one of the most interesting, and at the same time faithful pictures of Scotland as it is, that we have ever seen.

We have only room this week for a short extract or two. Speaking of the people of Scotland, he says:

"They are pre-eminently a religious people, protestant to the backbone, occasionally rough and impetuous in the expression of their opinions, but never formal, never indecorous. A profound enthusiasm, bordering on fanaticism, a passionate, though not boisterous or canting devotion, a fine sense of the grand and beautiful, intermingled with a keen conscientiousness, an ardent love of freedom, with a boundless trust in God, form the great elements of their religious life. Their theology is chiefly Calvinistic, apparently philosophical and dogmatic, but rather less so than popular and practical. Of cathedrals, old and dim, of masses, chants and processions, the pomp and circumstance of a magnificent ritual, they have none. But of old and glorious memories, solemn temples among the woods and hills, hallowed grave-yards, blessed sacraments, and national enthusiasm, they have abundance. Their religion is a part of the soil. It is indigenous to the country. It grew up among the mountains, was nursed by 'wizard streams,' and 'led forth' with the voice of psalms, among 'the green pastures of the wilderness.' Somewhat forbidding at first like the rough aspect of the country, it appears equally picturesque and beautiful, when really known and loved. It is the religion not of form but of substance, of deep inward emotion, not of outward pretension and show. Neither is it a sickly sentimentalism which lives on poetic musings, and matures only in cloistered shades and moonlight groves; but it is a healthy, robust principle which goes forth to do and to suffer the will of Heaven. Its head and heart are sound, and its works praise it in the gate.—Beautiful as the visions of fancy, it is yet strong as the everlasting hills among which it was reared.—In a word, it is the religion of faith and love, the religion of the old puritans, of the martyrs and confessors of primitive times. Welling out forever from the unstained fountains of the Word of God, it has marked its course over the fair face of Scotland, with the greenest verdure, the sweetest flowers."

After visiting the beautiful lake of Lochlomond and describing its enchanting scenery, he proceeds to the heights of Benlomond:

"Next morning we pass over the lake in a small boat to Rowardennan, on the eastern shore, where we commence the ascent of Benlomond, which rises to a height of something more than three thousand feet. The distance from Rowardennan to the top is generally reckoned about six miles. Wending along the sides of the mountain we gradually ascend to the bare and craggy summit, but not without resting here and there, and stopping to gaze upon the expanding landscape, as it spreads further and further towards the distant seas. We are somewhat fatigued, but how refreshing the mountain breeze, and how exhilarating the magnificent scenery which opens on every side, and absolutely reaches from sea to sea! There, beneath us, like a belt of liquid light, stretches the long and beautiful Lochlomond, sparkling under the rays of the sun, fringed with hills, rocks and woods, and adorned with green isles, reposing on its heaving bosom like gems of emerald chased in gold. Far off are the islands of Bute and Arran, and nearer the fertile Strath-Clutha, through which flows the river Clyde, adorned with villages, castles and country-seats, the city of Glasgow, covered with a misty vapor, the whole of Lanarkshire, the city of Edinburgh, and the vast and delightful tract of country beyond, the Firth of Forth, Stirling Castle, and the links of the Forth gliding in peaceful beauty thro' its green and wooded vale. To the north a scene presents itself of wild and varied grandeur, long ranges of Alpine heights, mighty crags towering to the sky, dark lakes, and deep-cloven ravines, wild and desolate moors, straggling forests, and rich secluded vales. Near us rises the hoary Benvoirloich; and further north, among inferior mountains, Bencruachan and Bennevis lift their lofty heads.—Taking a wider range we get a distant glimpse of the wide Atlantic, and the coast of green Erin, the mountains of Cumberland, and the German Ocean, washing the northeastern coasts of Scotland. But the eye rests, as if by enchantment, upon the magnificent mountain scenery to the north, inferior only in grandeur and beauty to the mountains of Switzerland.

"Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

How elevating such a position, and such scenery. How the soul dilates and rejoices, as if it were a part of the mighty spectacle. Ah! this were a place for angels to light upon, and hymn the praise of that infinite Being 'whose are the mountains, and the vallies, and the resplendent rivers.'"

The book is for sale in this city by Brown & Parsons, and D. R. Woodford & Co.

Chamber's Cyclopedia of English Literature, No 7.

Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, continue to issue this sterling work in numbers, promptly twice a month. The lovers of English literature can procure it of Mr. Bowers in this city, or of the publishers by mail, if desired.

Six Lectures on the uses of the Lungs, and causes, prevention and cure of Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, &c. With 26 illustrations. By S. S. Fitch, A. M., M. D. New York: H. Carlisle, Publisher.

We have several times heard these lectures of Dr. Fitch spoken of by those who ought to know, as forming really a valuable treatise on a most important subject. We have only been able as yet to glance at them, but so far as we can judge, the work contains a great deal of common sense and sound reasoning. We think we can recommend it as a safe guide to all who desire correct information upon the topics of which it treats. It may be obtained of Mr. Bowers, Post Office Buildings.

Baptist Library.

Part eight, for April is received, containing Bunyan's Holy War, Hall's Review of John Foster and The Gospel worthy of all acceptation. L. Colby & Co. publishers; price two dollars per annum.

Pictorial History of England.

The 20th number of this splendid publication is on our table. It needs no praise. For sale at Bowers' and by Belknap & Hamersley.

News of the Week.

Distressing Accident on the Railroad.—An accident occurred on the Western Railroad, near Charlton, last Friday night, which caused the death of one man and maimed another for life. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, a freight train was passing along, when the wires of the magnetic telegraph, which are ranged along the side of the railroad track, having become loose or broken from the effects of the storm, swept over the cars and carried off Luther Coburn and James M. Putnam, brakemen, who were sitting on the top.

Both fell on to the track, and the wheels of the cars passed over them. Coburn was severely mutilated in several parts of the body, and instantly killed; Putnam had his left arm broken or crushed in two places, and amputation near the shoulder was found necessary. Coburn was a young man, and lived with his mother in this town. Putnam resided in Lenox.—*Springfield Republican, March 20th.*

The Sunday Telegraph gives notice that hereafter it will be discontinued. The reason that the editor gives, is an affliction in his eyes, which prevented his personal attention to his paper.—*Boston Times.*

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, in a letter which came by the Hibernia, states that O'Connell is in some measure convalescent, and remarks that his illness is described as a general loss of vital powers. "At the present time," says the writer, "his death would add seriously to our embarrassments, for he is the only man upon whom we can rely for keeping his countrymen at peace."

Harlem Railroad.—This Company has nearly completed a new Engine house above 31st street, of gigantic proportions. It is of brick, with sixteen sides, (dekexagagon) and three main entrances.—Its diameter is 125 feet, that of the turn-table is 35 feet, and the height of the dome from the ground is 54 feet.

The building will accommodate 16 engines with their tenders. The roof, constructed by Mr. Gouch, is a model of architectural skill. In the rear of the main building, the foundations are being laid for a machine shop 100 feet by 40.

These structures are supposed to be the most complete of their kind, in this country. We presume they have reference in part, to the business about to be created by the N. Y. & N. H. Railroad, which is to enter the Harlem near Williams' bridge. —*Jour. of Com.*

Sad Accident.—We find the following notice of a sad accident in Vermont, in the Boston Journal:

"The Montreal stage which left Franklin on Monday, met with an accident on that or the following night, by which three lives were lost. The stage was on runners, and in going through Royalton, Vt., on the banks of White River, the hinder part being heavily burthened, suddenly slewed from the road, causing the stage to be precipitated over the bank into the river, and dragging the horses with it. There were several passengers in the stage, two of whom, together with the driver, were instantly killed. One of the passengers who was killed, was Capt. Leary, of England, who came over in the Hibernia, and was on his way to Montreal for the purpose of taking charge of a large steamship on the St. Lawrence. The other passenger killed was a lady belonging in New York."

A letter from one of the passengers states that the lady killed was Miss Hunt, of New Orleans, who was on her way to Middlebury, and that the driver's name was William Smith. The writer was in the hindmost of two stages, the first of which met with the accident. It was in the night and the stage, horses and all were rolled over a steep precipice about 25 feet high. A Mr. McFarlane was also badly bruised.—*Cour. & Enq.*

Severe Storm.—The storm of Friday and Friday night was more severe in the vicinity of Philadelphia than any one experienced for years; throughout the day the wind prevailed from the northeast, with unusually heavy rain; as night approached it changed to the north and west, with increased violence; at 7 o'clock P. M. it commenced snowing and the wind blowing a gale and driving the large flakes and rain with much force; by 11 or 12 o'clock the storm was raging with great fury, the snow or rather slush had accumulated on the pavements to the depth of three inches. The Liverpool packet ship Monongahela in going down the Delaware was blown on shore near Chester, but will not probably suffer much damage. The ship Sarah Sands was also blown on shore. Also the Paul T. Jones, from Charleston; a Savannah packet, with several brigs and smaller craft. Many of them have been got off and since came into port. The Telegraph wires between Philadelphia and N. Brunswick have been broken in many places, and will require some days to repair.

The schooner Gleaner, at this port from Havana, brings dates rather later than previously received, but nothing from Mexico.

Death from a Prize Fight.—On Wednesday morning last we mentioned that two men, named Kelly and Cox, had gone out the day before to have a prize fight, near Alard's plantation, on the Metairie road. They fought for $300 a side, Kelly coming off the victor, and Cox being so bruised that he had to be conveyed home. From the time of his arrival at his boarding house, which was on Tuesday evening, until yesterday morning at about 8 o'clock, when he died, Cox never spoke a word. A warrant for the arrest of Kelly was issued by Recorder Genois yesterday, but we are informed that Kelly, fearing that his opponent might die, sailed on board a ship bound for Liverpool on Thursday night last. —*N. O. Delta.*

Accident.—Heroism of a Girl.—Infamous Conduct of a Man.—The house of Mr. Ahaz Cole, of Conesville, in this county, was burned on Tuesday afternoon last. A small girl aged about 15, had been left in charge of two little children, one quite small. While she was milking near the house, she discovered the flames and rushed to the door. She could hear the children crying, but on opening the door, the smoke and heat almost suffocated her. She called to a man named Giles Wright, who happened to come up just then, to secure the children—to his eternal disgrace, if true—he refused, and the young and slender girl only 15 years of age went through the smoke and flames and saved the two little infants unharmed.—*Schoharie Repub.*

Suicide.—The body of a young man named Franklin Barnum, aged 21 years, who had recently enlisted in the United States service at the station in this city, was found yesterday afternoon on the rear of the lot occupied by Col. Amos Sawyer, on State street.

An inquest was held over the body by Coroner Frost, during the afternoon, and a verdict rendered that "the deceased came to his death by taking opium, taken by his own hand." A quantity of opium was found on his person.

A small memorandum book in his pocket contained the date of his enlistment, and a request to have an account of his death forwarded to his father, Ansel W. Barnum, of New Milford, Ct.

Certificates in his possession rendered it probable that he had been engaged in teaching school.—*Rochester Dem.*

A Double Calamity.—Some weeks ago, an account was published of the death of Mr. Calvin Rust, who was killed at a quarry, at Bethel, Vt., (where he had been as a matter of curiosity,) by a breakage in the machinery. On Friday of last week Mrs. Ainsworth, wife of Mr. Harvey Ainsworth, of Royalton, Vt., and a sister of the deceased Mr. Rust, was riding in a sleigh in Royalton, down a hill, when a yoke of oxen, who were in a team loaded with wood just behind her, started and ran down the hill and over her, killing her instantly. Both Mr. Rust and his sister were killed on a Friday and buried on a Sunday, and in both cases the blow which caused their death was received on the back part of the head.

Stonington Railroad.—The affairs of this road are in such a flourishing condition that the directors contemplate declaring a dividend in a short time.—*Bost. Trav.*

Providence and Worcester Railroad.—Mr. Ellison, the resident Engineer, informs us that that portion of the road lying between this village and Providence, will unquestionably be completed by the 4th of July next. This is earlier than we had anticipated.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

Canadian Troubles.—Two gentlemen passing in a sleigh across the ice from Laprairie to Montreal, on the evening of the 16th ult., were stopped opposite the city, robbed and beaten severely. The robbers were armed with pistols.

A night or two before, Pierre Hervieux, a French Canadian gentleman, while passing through Griffintown, was attacked by a gang who shot at him and then beat him, leaving him upon the ground weltering in blood. When found, his hair was frozen to the earth, and his hands and feet were so much frozen that it was feared amputation would be necessary, even should he recover, which seems doubtful.

The English House of Commons, at present, consists of 656 members. Of these, 44 are between 22 and 30; 159 between 31 and 40; 213 between 41 and 50; 155 between 51 and 60; 57 between 60 and 70; and 15 above 70. The oldest member is 77; the youngest 22—the Earl of Grosvenor.

Morse's Telegraph in Virginia.—A bill passed the Virginia Legislature on Saturday the 20th ult., giving the *right of way* and *corporate powers* to the Washington and New Orleans Magnetic Telegraph Company, so that all obstacles are now removed to the speedy establishment of the lightning lines from Boston to New Orleans

If the line projected from Cincinnati to New Orleans and from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh be subscribed for soon, in accordance with the contract made between the Patentees and the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, the extent of Telegraphic communication on the American Continent including the Canadas, will amount to over *Six Thousand miles!* in the course of the present year.—*Jour. of Com.*

A Unique Magazine.—There has just been started in Boston, by Rev. Dr. Cogswell, a quarterly magazine, entitled "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register." The first number contains a biography of the great New England genealogist and minute historian, John Farmar, Esq., and is filled up with biographical notices and histories of families, which must be intensely interesting to men who have a taste for such things. The work, as it goes on, is likely to bring to light many amusing personal incidents, both of old times and new. In fact, all New England men will be liable to see themselves in the book as it goes on, especially they who have come down in regular succession from their own ancestors!

Destructive Fire.—Another destructive fire took place in this city on the morning of the 20th. It broke out in a large wooden warehouse, known as Harden's Warehouse, but latterly occupied by Messrs Hall & Debois, Agents for the Lowell Factory Companies, and was owned by the Bank of Milledgeville. The fire was first discovered about 5 o'clock, and had then made such progress that all efforts to save the warehouse, or cotton and goods stored therein, were found unavailing. The warehouse was burned to the ground in an incredibly short space of time. It contained about 1,281 bales cotton. In the house were also stored 900 sacks salt, 125 bbls. molasses, and 75 bbls. whiskey, which were insured by the Hartford agency in this place. The whole loss may be estimated in round numbers at about $60,000. The fire was beyond doubt the work of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in or about the warehouse for the day.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

From the Boston Daily Adv., March 25.

Melancholy Shipwreck and loss of Life.—We learn from the Merchants' Exchange Books, that Capt. Wright, of the brig Joseph Balch, who came up from Barnstable in the Plymouth train, states that a passenger from Truro, whose name he did not recollect, reported that the bark Cactus, of Kennebunk, Nason, which sailed hence on Sunday morning for Cork and a market, went ashore on Truro Beach, east side of Cape Cod, on Monday afternoon, during the N. E. gales, and that *all hands perished.* The vessel had gone to pieces.

We have substantially the same information in a slip received at this office last evening, from the office of the Yarmouth Register, which says, in relation to the crew, that they are supposed to be lost, and that the vessel went ashore on Monday night.

The Cactus was a fine bark of 260 tons, one or two years old, and was loaded by Messrs. E. D. Brigham & Co., agents for the steam flour mill at East Boston. She had a cargo of flour, corn, corn-meal, &c., which is believed to be insured in New York. The vessel is insured for $20,000, equally divided between two offices in this city, and another office here has $9,200 on her freight money.

We have since learned that on Tuesday morning the Cactus was on the bar, her foremast and bowsprit standing, but the after part of the vessel all gone, and a part of the stern with the name on it upon the beach. Only one barrel and one broken barrel of meal came on shore, the remainder of the cargo being broken up. The crew were *all lost*, and none of the bodies had come on shore. Capt M'Lanathan, of brig Baltic, (ashore near the same place,) spoke the Cactus on Monday, a short time before she went ashore.

Murder in Hamilton.

From the Buffalo Daily Express, of Monday.

Hamilton, C. W., March 21, 1847. 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

London Times Office, Friday Morning, March 19: It has fallen to our lot to record one of the most tragical events, that perhaps ever occurred in the history of Canada West. Yesterday eve, a young man named Daniel Larkin, who had been some years in the service of Mr. Jno. W. Handy, in this township, had a slight altercation with a Mrs. Burns, an elderly woman, on account of some improper words addressed by Larkin to a young woman, for which Mrs. Burns reproved him. He immediately went to another part of the house and brought a double-barreled gun, pointed it at Mrs. B. and asked her if she was ready to stand her trial—he then deliberately shot her through the heart, and immediately carried the body to the smoke house, and laying it upon its back, and discharging the gun at his own breast, fell dead instantly.

Larkin had for some years been in the habit of drinking spirits, and it was doubtless under that influence that the horrible deed was committed.

Another Revolution in Mexico.

Baltimore, March 25—10 P. M.

The schooner Home, from Tampico, has arrived at New Orleans, bringing accounts of a Revolution in Mexico, the expulsion of Gomez Farias from power, and the installation of Gen. Salas. General Taylor, by one report, is said to have fallen back on Saltillo and Monterey without a general action, and by another it is said that he had a battle at night with the Mexicans, killing about 400 of them and losing none. The Mexican papers say that Santa Anna had cut off his retreat by interposing the forces of Minon and Torrejon.

By the Western mail we have intelligence from a small party of teamsters from Santa Fe, sixty in number, who arrived at Fort Leavenworth in a distressing condition, being almost starved. Six of their companions were frozen to death on the road.

A great fire occurred at Columbus, Ga., on Monday last. It broke out in the Cotton Warehouse of the Lowell Factory agent. Loss estimated at about $60,000.

Pittsburg, March 26.

The St. Louis Republican, received in advance of the mail, by steamboat, gives some additional particulars of the battle near El Paso.

It appears that the Mexicans lost about 40 killed, and a greater number wounded; how many is not definitely stated. Their commander, Gen. Ponce, was mortally wounded.

Letters from Santa Fe speak of the country about there as fertile in the extreme.

A new gold mine has been discovered fifty miles from Santa Fe.

Whale Ship Burnt.

Extract of a letter to the Journal of Commerce, dated

Guatemala, Feb. 6, 1847.

The most important news is the loss by fire, on the night of the 18th Jan. last, of the whaler "Blackstone," of Connecticut, James W. Brown, master. Out of 25 persons on board who took to the boats, only 7 mariners have reached the coast, and they were two days and three nights in making the land, and are now at San Salvador. Their names are Mark S. Kelly, John Norton, Chas. Thomas, Geo. Tubbs, Cornelius Sharkey, Thomas Cringle, and James Williamson; the others have not been heard of. The vessel was about 350 tons, and sailed from Mystic, Conn., on the 25th of July, 1845.

Latest from the Army.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, under date of March 26, says:

From my arrival to the present moment, I have been in diligent search of the latest *authentic* news from Mexico. I have sifted—or at least tried to sift—every report, official or otherwise, of late transactions here. For the facilities that have been afforded me in the pursuit I feel grateful.

The *rationale* of the latest *reliable* advices from the seat of war, I think, is this: a letter has been received quite recently by Col. Taylor,—the brother of our most gallant general,—dated Saltillo, Feb. 23, *from the most unquestionable authority*, (an authority that a promise of secrecy compels me to withhold,) giving an account of three several attacks by Gen. Santa Anna, with nearly 20,000, upon "Old Rough and Ready," who had but about five thousand men under his command at the time. The first attack was made at Agua Nueva, and, after some hard demonstrations of mutual hostility, repulsed with considerable loss to the Mexicans; the attack was renewed at Saltillo, to which place Taylor had effected a retreat in perfect order. It was again repulsed. Gen. Taylor lined the tops of the houses there with his sharp shooters, and, as the Mexicans approached, dealt unerring volleys upon them. They again retreated, with severe loss.—Gen. Taylor having given sufficient breathing time to his hard-pressed soldiers, continued his march toward Monterey. At the Pass of Rinconada he was again overtaken by the forces of Santa Anna, who seem to have set his life upon a cast, and determined to stand the hazard of the die. A third time he was attacked by the Mexicans, and, it must be confessed, with much bravery; a third time they were repulsed, and with no inconsiderable slaughter. It may, therefore, be safely presumed that Gen. Taylor, after the three glorious days of 21st, 22d and 23d of February, became safely ensconced behind the protecting walls of Monterey, where he could hold out six months, unaided, against all Mexico in arms.

It is proper to acknowledge that the Department has received no official account of the news thus transmitted. The latest dates at the War Office are much antecedent—still I cannot refuse credence to the statement I have written, *because it comes to me in no questionable shape.*

Still Later.—There have been no *official* reports, nor anything direct, from Gen. Taylor's army since the reported battles of Feb. 22d and 23d. All the information thus far is received through Mexicans. No doubt exists that Gen. Taylor has had a fight with Santa Anna, but little can be known as to its result, or of the number killed, until a communication is opened between Monterey and the American forces this side. The N. Orleans papers of March 21 say that the schr. Wm. C. Preston had arrived at that place, having sailed from Brazos on the afternoon of the 16th. The reports by this arrival go to confirm previous ones, but they are derived from the enemy. One report says Santa Anna had 23,000, and that they were scattered by Gen. Taylor's force of 5,000. We give below a single letter which is as authentic as anything else yet received from the seat of war.

Mouth of the Rio Grande, March 10, 1847.

Heavy firing was heard last night at Matamoros, said to be a salute on account of a victory gained by Gen. Taylor over the Mexicans at "Buena Vista," 20 miles this side of Saltillo. The fight is said to have lasted three days. The Mexican loss is put down at 5000, and the American loss at 1100. I have just seen a letter from a German merchant at Matamoros, who confirms the rumor.

The report corresponds with the Mexican rumors current for some days past.

I must add that up to our very latest dates from Camargo, there had been nothing heard from Gen. Taylor since the 23d February. Since that time all communication had been cut off with Camargo, as the brave old man was completely surrounded. I knew, of course, Gen. T. would do the country honor, but such glorious results as are now reported may be considered miraculous; and while I believe them in part, we must wait further official intelligence.

Mexican Prisoners.

La Patria, in its account of Gen. Taylor's late battles says that three Mexican Generals have been taken prisoners; two of them are said to be Lombardini and Pacheco.

Married.

In Middlebury, March 24th, Mr. David Warren, of Watertown, and Louisa, daughter of Wm. Bronson, Esq.

In South Canaan, on the 1st ult., by Rev. Harley Goodwin, Mr L. Hotchkiss, of Norfolk, and Miss Jennett C. Smith, daughter of Mr. Carlow Smith, of New Hartford.

In East Windsor, March 23th, by Rev. S. Bartlett, Mr Lewis Trowbridge, of Ellington, and Mrs. Marilla M. Stiles, of East Windsor.

Died.

In this city, on the 26th ult., Caroline P., wife of Jas. B. Withenbury, aged 59.

In this town, on the 21st ult., Mr. Lewis O. Cook, aged 30.

In East Hartford, March 19th, Mrs. Abigail Franklin, aged 64.

In Suffield, March 21st, Mrs Mary O. Nelson, wife of Horatio K. Nelson, aged 34.

In Middletown, on the 14th ult., Miss Hannah A. Bailey, daughter of Israel and Nancy Bailey, aged 29

In Middletown, on the 17th ult., Charles A., son of Edward S. and Mary A. Ball, aged 1 year.

In East Granby, March 16th, Mr. Horace Barker, aged 47.

In Glastenbury, March 23d, Sarah Ann Wrislee, aged 21 years.

In South Windsor, March 14th, Mrs Irene Munsell, widow of the late Mr. Hezekiah Munsell, aged 91 years and 8 months.

[Obituary.]

Died, at Mystic, March 1st, Mrs. Emeline Sawyer, relict of the late Capt Jeremiah Sawyer, aged 38 years.

It is very, very seldom that we have to chronicle the death of such a devoted saint of the Lord. Sister Sawyer had been for many years, till her death, a faithful member of the 2d Baptist church in Groton, and she was remarkably distinguished for *humility*, consistent *perseverance* in well doing, under discouragements or prosperity, and for a *lively faith* which always shone in her countenance, as if lit up with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

She was always *ready* for every good word and work, whether at home, at the house of God, or laboring from house to house in the cause of her Redeemer. The pastor, the whole church, the entire christian community, and even the careless world, so far as she was known, feel the deep loss which they have sustained, in having another living stream of prayer cut off, at a time when her prayers were so much needed. May her mantle fall on her survivors, as Elijah's did on the prophet of old.—Com.

Receipts for the week ending March 31.

C. C. Randall, 2 00; R. Clark, 5 00; Mrs. B. Wentworth, 2 00; R. Crane, 2 00; Luman Andrews, 3 00; L. J. Swift, 2 00; H. Lay, 50; Rev. E. Cushman for New Britain Subscribers, 12 25;—E. Hemingway, 2 00; R. Parker, 87.

NOTICE.—The next meeting of the Ministerial Conference of the New Haven Baptist Association and vicinity, will be held with the Secretary in New Haven, Tuesday, April 13th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Sermon in the evening by Rev. A. C. Wheat, or his alternate, Rev. N. Whiting.
S. D. PHELPS, Sec.
New Haven, March 12, 1847.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that a Missionary Meeting will be held with the 1st Baptist Church in New Haven on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of April next. This appointment is made in concurrence with, and at the suggestion of the Board of the Am. Bap. Missionary Union, and in accordance with a resolution passed at the last session of the New Haven Baptist Association. It is expected that brethren from abroad, and among them one of the Secretaries of the Union, and one or more of the returned missionaries, will favor us with their presence and aid. The Committee to whom the selection of the time and place was referred, have fixed upon the location above named, in the hope of securing a very general attendance of the ministers and brethren from the western half of the State—while those from other parts will be most cordially welcomed. The object of the meeting is to awaken a higher and more healthful tone of missionary feeling in the churches, and thus to enlist more generally their prayers and contributions in the holy effort to give the gospel of salvation to the benighted nations.
H. MILLER,
WM. G. HOWARD, } Committee.
S. D. PHELPS,
Meriden, March 10, 1847.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—The subscriber would hereby express his gratitude to the members of his congregation, and other friends, for their kindness and sympathy expressed in a recent visit, when they presented many valuable presents in cash and other articles for the comfort of himself and family. It was truly refreshing to meet them on such an occasion, and the more so to join in the devotions inspired by the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. By these manifestations of kindness he feels called upon to devote himself more faithfully to their spiritual interests. May the blessing of God which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith, rest upon them.
HARMON ELLIS.
Winthrop, April 2, 1847.

NOTICE.—The subscriber would affectionately and *earnestly* request that such Baptist churches and individuals in the State of Connecticut, as have not yet made their annual contributions to the American and Foreign Bible Society, will have the goodness to give the subject their attention, and forward their funds, at their earliest convenience, to Rev. Ira M. Allen, 350 Broome st., N. Y. It is desirable that all monies designed for said Society, should be forwarded by the last of April, that they may appear in the Report for 1847.
J. BALLARD, Agent.

CARD.—The subscribers would take this opportunity to express our grateful acknowledgements to our friends in Holland, and the neighboring towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, for the multiplied benefactions with which they have been pleased, so kindly, to favor us. Our family has of late experienced much sickness. Our son has been for three years an invalid, and during the last sixteen months unable to be moved from his bed requiring always one, and frequently more than one, attendant. The great and needed assistance which has been so freely given us on account of this affliction, we have received with heartfelt gratitude.

May the Lord reward those who have contributed to our comfort, with the richest of Heaven's blessings here, and with eternal happiness hereafter.
AMOS BABCOCK.
ESTHER BABCOCK.
Holland, Mass., April 2, 1847.

Advertisements.

New Spring Dry Goods.

OLMSTED, THACHER & GOODRICH have just received, by the late arrivals, their full supply of Spring Goods and are prepared to offer a splendid assortment of *Ladies' Dress Goods* in every variety.—Mourning Goods, a full assortment. Also, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings and Summer Goods of every description.

A full assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Cravats and small articles.

Shawls, the largest variety in the State, for sale at reduced prices.

Furniture Dry Goods of all kinds, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Damasks, Cloths, Napkins, Towelling, &c.

Great care is taken in the selection of these goods, to get those only which they can recommend, and they would invite all those who wish to get a good article at low price, to call and examine their stock. 3w4

NEW CARPETINGS, Floor Oil Cloths, Mattings, Druggets, Rugs, Mats, &c., just in store a full assortment of the newest and most desirable styles, many of them made to order and of the best fabric in the country, for sale at greatly reduced prices by
3w4 OLMSTED, THACHER & GOODRICH.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

JUST RECEIVED BY THIS MORNING'S BOAT.

THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA. By R. W. Griswold.
How to be a Man. By H. Newcomb.
How to be a Lady. " "
Young Lady's Guide. " "
Alderbrook. By Fanny Forrester.
Illuminated Gems of Sacred Poetry.
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener.
Scenes in the Life of Our Saviour. By Poets and Painters.

—ALSO—

An elegant assortment of Albums.
D. R. WOODFORD & CO.,
April 2. 2w 170 Main street.

J. W. Dimock,

MERCHANT TAILOR, NO. 127 MAIN ST.,

HAS just received a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, from New York and Boston, some of which were purchased unusually low, together with Silk and Cotton warp Cashmerettes and Drap-de-ete for Summer Coats, do. Bl'k French goods, for pantaloons do., with a general assortment of articles usually found in a fashionable Tailoring establishment. Our friends and customers are respectfully invited to examine our stock, and we will abide their decision.

Spring Fashions received.

N. B. Particular attention to cutting custom.
March 26. 4w3

Fifth Edition.

THE JUDSON OFFERING.—Intended as a Token of Christian Sympathy with the Living, and a Memento of Christian Affection for the Dead. By Rev. John Dowling, A. M., author of "History of Romanism," &c.

The publishers would return their thanks to the religious public for that generous appreciation of this work, which, in the short space of about six months, has exhausted the large issue of four thousand copies. Regarding this extensive demand for the work as a verdict of the public that the "Judson Offering" is worthy to take its place as a standard volume in the ranks of missionary literature, the publishers have caused it to be stereotyped.

The number of pages has been somewhat increased, by the addition of several articles, chiefly relative to the late departure of the missionaries for Burmah; to make room for which, without unduly enlarging the volume, a few of the poetical articles *selected* from various sources, and inserted in the former editions, have been omitted in this. No article *originally written* for the "Judson Offering," has, however, been omitted; nor any one having a special reference to the labors or the sufferings of the venerated missionary whose name it bears.

NOTICES OF THE FORMER EDITIONS.

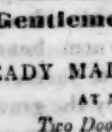
A tribute justly due to the *living* and *departed* worth—does honor to the head and heart of the inestimable compiler—well adapted, not only to awaken and increase the spirit of missions, but to have a salutary impression upon the minds of all who peruse it.—*Advocate of Moral Reform.*

It is the frame work of the History of the Burman Mission, interlaced and entwined with the blossoms and fragrance of some of the choicest effusions of poetry.—The style of execution is elegant.—*Baptist Record, Philadelphia.*

Altogether, it will form an acceptable popular offering and obtain a wide circulation. Considering the taste and perfection of the mechanical execution, the price is low.—*New York Recorder.*

Published by LEWIS COLBY & CO.,
3w3 122 Nassau street, New York.

Spring Fashion for Hats.



A splendid assortment of *Fur & Silk Hats*, of the latest fashion, just received and ready for sale at BIDWELL, DANIELS & CO'S., 202 Main street. We also have on hand a large assortment of Hats that are out of fashion, which we will sell very cheap.
March 12. 6w1

NEW HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Store,

AND

READY MADE CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

AT NO. 10 STATE STREET,

Two Doors west United States Hotel.

THE subscriber having fitted up the above stand, now offers to the public a complete assortment of Goods in each of the above named branches of trade, at prices and of qualities which cannot fail to please.

In the Hat and Cap line the assortment is as entire as at any other store in the city.

Among the Furnishing Goods are Stocks, Bosoms, Collars, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Ties, Shirts, Suspenders, &c. &c., of the Spring Fashions, many of them having been selected during the last week from the cargoes of ships just arrived.

Additions will be made constantly by manufacture and purchase, and in short, the subscriber intends to make this establishment the very best one in the State for fitting out a man from top to toe.
LORENZO HAMILTON.
March 12. tf

Spring Style Hats.



At the new Hat and Cap Establishment of LORENZO HAMILTON, No. 10 State st, two doors west of the United States Hotel.
March 12. tf

HARTFORD CHEAPEST PRINTING OFFICE.

THE subscriber having fitted up a new BOOK AND JOB OFFICE at No. 4 State street, and having an extensive assortment of the most desirable styles of *Type* and *Borders*, and also one of the celebrated LOCOMOTIVE CARD AND JOB POWER PRESSES, is prepared to do work at the shortest notice, and at prices which will *defy competition!*

Every description of Letter Press Printing such as

Books	Business Cards,	Bill Heads,
Pamphlets,	Visiting "	Bills of Lading,
Hand Bills,	Wedding "	Stage Bills,
Show "	Address "	Railroad "
Auction "	Ball "	Wrappers,
Posters,	Satinet "	Labels,
Circulars,	Sermons,	Hat Tips,
Price Lists,	Reports,	Blanks, etc etc.

☞ Work done in Bronze or Leaf, Black or Colored Inks, blended or separate, as customers may prefer. In this branch of the business, the subscriber claims to excel all others in the city, as he has practiced it for more than fifteen years, and consequently it is no *new* thing with him. He has made an arrangement with a house in New-York, where he is furnished with the best of Gold Size and Colored Inks, at $4 and $24 per lb., instead of paying $50 and $60 as our neighbors advertise, a *great saving*, of which our customers will have the benefit.

Patronage respectfully solicited. All work warranted to suit, or no charge.
JOSIAH GILES.
☞ Don't mistake the place—No. 4 State street.
Hartford, March 5, 1847. 1f52

Farm for Sale.

THE FARM of the late Amon Stanley, of one hundred and twenty acres, situated in New Britain, 8 miles from Hartford. It is in excellent condition, and is suitably divided into meadow, pasture, ploughing and woodland. It has a good dwelling house, sufficiently large for two families, convenient outhouses, and a barn nearly new, admirably arranged, with extensive accommodations for stock, hay and grain. This affords a rare opportunity for any one wishing to buy a good farm.—Should it be too large to meet the views of any one wishing to purchase, a portion of it could be reserved.—For further particulars enquire of Noah W. Stanley, near the premises, or of the subscriber in the village of New Britain.
T. W. STANLEY.
March 19. 1f2

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers his Farm for sale, which is pleasantly situated in the town of West Springfield, (Agawam Parish) and contains 65 acres, well watered with three brooks, and suitably divided into mowing, ploughland, pasturage and woodland. Within a few rods of Agawam Post Office, Mills, Mechanics, School House, Meeting House, &c.

Said farm has on it a well finished two-story house, woodhouse, barn, cow house, horseshed, &c. Said farm lies within 4 miles of Springfield, and has two orchards of excellent fruit, and a well of good water.
A. H. EWING.
Agawam, March 19th, 1847. 4w2

Notice.

THE undersigned, Booksellers, Stationers and Publishers, having disposed of their Books and Stationery, and having relinquished their store, No 170 Main st., to Messrs. D. R. Woodford & Co, embrace this opportunity to commend their successors to the favorable regard and patronage of the friends of the late firm and the public, in the confident assurance that those who have been customers at this store, will still find in this establishment such Books and Stationery as they may desire, and on the most reasonable terms.
ROBINS & SMITH.

D. R. WOODFORD & CO. have purchased the publications of the late firm of Robins & Smith, and a new work just issued from the press, viz: "The Scripture Law of Baptism," 12mo. cloth, by Rev. Edmund Turney, Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church, Granville, Ohio. Very highly commended by many of the prominent clergymen of the Baptist denomination.

Also in press, which will be published in a few days, "A reply to a Layman on the Sufferings of Christ," by Bennett Tyler, D. D. 1f2 March 19

To Book Agents.

THE subscriber offers *permanent* and *lucrative* employment to a number of active and intelligent men, in circulating valuable, popular and interesting works.
GURDON ROBINS,
March 19. 1f2 No. 4 Asylum st.

Important Work!

FORTY THOUSAND COPIES SOLD IN ENGLAND!

CHAMBERS'

Cyclopedia of English Literature

A SELECTION of the Choicest Productions of English authors, from the earliest to the present time. Connected by a Critical and Biographical History.

Edited by Robert Chambers, assisted by Robert Carruthers, and other eminent gentlemen.

To be issued semi-monthly, in 16 numbers, at 25 cents each; forming two large imperial octavo volumes, of 700 pages each, double column letter press; with upwards of 300 elegant Illustrations.

As an evidence of the great popularity of the work in England, it may be stated that more than *forty thousand copies* have been sold in less than three years.—Persons remitting *Four Dollars*, can receive the work promptly, by mail or otherwise, as soon as published.—Booksellers and Agents supplied on the most liberal terms.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY TREASURY.

A religious exercise for every day in the year, by Ebenezer Temple. From the second London edition. Price, $1,00.

This work is strictly evangelical, and presents with great distinctness the peculiar points of orthodoxy.—The texts are happily chosen, and all the thoughts suggested by the author are interesting and profitable.—The skeletons are generally of the *textual* character, very neat, comprehensive, and each of them contains matter enough for a sermon. There is a great variety of beautiful gems scattered through it, original and selected.

It is similar to the "Daily Manna," by Dr. Stow, with the additional advantage of the illustrations of every text. It possesses decided advantages over the excellent works of Jay, Boyatzky, Mason, &c. &c.

The work has received numerous highly commendatory notices from the press, and its rapid sale indicates that its merits are appreciated by the christian public.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HENRIETTA SHUCK.

First Female Missionary to China. By Rev. J. B. Jeter. Price, 50 cents.

'We have seldom taken into our hands a more beautiful book than this, and we have no small pleasure in knowing the degree of perfection attained in this country in the arts of printing and book binding, as seen in its appearance. The style of the author is sedate and perspicuous, such as we might expect from his known piety and learning, his attachment to missions, and the amiable lady whose memory he embalms. The book will be extensively read, and eminently useful, and thus the ends sought by the author will be happily secured.' —*Family Visiter, Boston.*

"This is a very admirable biography, fully worthy of a place among the best missionary literature of the age. It involves, necessarily, less of exciting interest than exists in the memoir of Mrs. Judson. But the serene flow of a cheerful, active, and useful life described in an attractive manner, awakens the deepest interest and attention. The details respecting Chinese manners give the book additional interest and value, especially for young readers. The volume has a fine portrait of Mrs. Shuck, engraved by Sartain, which adds to its attractiveness. Mr. Jeter has performed well a worthy service to an esteemed person, and done a good work for the cause of missions."—*Chr Review.*

HOW TO BE A LADY.

A Book for Girls, containing useful hints on the formation of character. Price, 50 cents. By Harvey Newcomb.

Extract from the Preface.

"Having daughters of his own, and having been many years employed in writing for the young he hopes to be able to offer some good advice, in the following pages in an entertaining way, for girls or misses between the ages of eight and fifteen. His object is to assist them in forming their characters upon the best model; that they may become well-bred, intelligent, refined and good; and then they will be *ladies* in the highest sense."

HOW TO BE A MAN.

A Book for Boys, containing useful hints on the formation of character. Price, 50 cents. By Harvey Newcomb.

Extract from the Preface.

"My design in writing has been to contribute something toward forming the character of those who are to be our future electors, legislators, governors, judges, ministers, lawyers and physicians, after the best model; and from the kind reception of my former attempts to benefit American youth, I trust they will give a candid hearing to the hints contained in the following pages.—It is intended for boys—or, if you please, for *young gentlemen*—in early youth, from eight or ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age."

THE PRE-ADAMITE EARTH.

Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D. Price, 85 cents.

This volume is the first of a series projected by the author, to appear at intervals, each volume complete in itself.

☞ An English reviewer says this is "one of the most profound and scientific productions of the present age."

Just published and for sale by
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
Feb. 12. 49 59 Washington st., Boston.

Poetry.

Social Presence of Christ.

Whom have we here? These countenances beam
With life ephemeral. These glad eyes are lit
With fading rays. A breath might bear away
All the fair visions of this fleeting scene.
Where are the lovely, whose remembered tones
Rang tunefully around us? Gale on gale
Hath swept, is sweeping, from the living earth
Their balmy name; and these but wait—how long?

Whom have we here? A Presence, never "far
From every one of us?" Oh, is there here
A never-closing Eye, searching all thought?
A never-listless Energy? An Arm
Strong to deliver? A Redeeming Worth,
Invaluable in wealth, to take the place
Of guiltiest poverty, the chosen lot
Of every sinner—is the Saviour here?

How stay we uninformed? How live we on,
Uncertain of His presence? He is near,
Even to all—but how? Does faith unfold
His beauty and salvation? Kindles up
His smile, the fervor of believing ones
For prayer and toil? His is a countenance
No death-breeze alters. His, a friendly eye,
Undimmed and waking ever. His, an ear
Quick and unweary. His, an arm of strength,
Unfaltering. His, a bosom pillowing all
Our love and sorrow. His, a heart, o'erfull
Of tenderness, perpetual; going out
Through every sinless way, to win our own.
His is a righteousness, O, passing all
Breadth of expression! *Is the Fullness here?*

Aye, the kind face of Jesus, more than all
Attractions of these fascinating hours,
Claims homage. Desolate and joyous prove,
Yet never innocent, the priceless days
Given to other service. With His smile
Encouraging the spirit; with His power
Invigorating, while we toil for Him,
How like the vernal growth is happy Mind—
Enriching and expanding for a realm
All wide and free, to grace forevermore
In bliss in purity! *Is Jesus here?*
Who will resist His smile—who bear his frown?

To Delaware.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Thrice welcome to thy sisters of the East,
To the brown tillers of a rocky home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean foam:
And to the young nymphs of the West,
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom
Trail in the sunset! Oh! redeemed and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!
Let the weak chains which bind thee fall apart,
At the strong swell of thy awakened heart.
Broad Pennsylvania, down thy sail-white bay,
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
And the great lakes whose echoes, free alway,
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
Shall weave new sunbows in their tossing spray,
And with their waves keep cheerful holiday.
And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
Vermont shall bless thee, and the granite peaks
And vast Katahdin, o'er his woods, shall wear
Their snow crowns brighter in the cold, keen air.
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
When at thy impulse the electric wire
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire:
GLORY TO FREEDOM'S GOD! A SISTER STATE IS FREE!

[*National Era.*

Religious & Moral.

From the Journal of Commerce.

A Forest Funeral.

I have been several times on the point of writing you about Sunday in the forest, but have each time forgotten my intention, or had too much else to say. There have been many scenes of worship in which I have taken part, or which I have witnessed. I have seen the ignorant worshipper of senseless images, and the formal worshippers of the pretended real body of The Crucified, present in the bread of the Host. Nay, I have heard the solemn cathedral chant when thousands knelt and prayed, and have heard the *miserere* in the solemn Passion night thrill through the soul of countless waiting worshippers. But I never felt so near to God and near to Heaven as on the bank of the river on a calm Sunday morning, when the thousand voices of the forest were united in a hymn. There is a melody in running water that is never imitated or equaled by any art; and there is a strange harmony between the sounds of running water and rushing wind and singing birds and the voices of the various wood animals, that all together make up the morning song of the forest when it wakes to praise the Infinite.

How slowly and silently the dead leaves drop one by one into the water from the listless branches. The branches themselves bend and sway up and down and back and forth as if with life; for it does not seem that any wind is blowing, but the trees lean over as if to see their own shades a thousand times repeated in the rippling river, and reach their arms down toward the glittering surface, as if loving, and longing to die in the cool clear bed.

Some of them have fallen. Yonder is one that has lain for four, yes, six years, to my knowledge, in that same position—and every year, at the same time, I come and sit here and watch that long branch swaying backward and forward in the swift current. Once, while Willis and I sat here, he saw a mink's head rise above the water in the eddy below the trunk, and his rifle ball, true to his unerring aim, cracked the small skull at this distance, and it is not less than a hundred and twenty yards.—But that was not on Sunday, and I am now speaking of the forest Sabbath.

We had one long and weary and somewhat successful expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin on Saturday, so that we might attend church there,—or rather hear preaching, in a log school house, from a clergyman who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame house of Col. ———, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school house in which services were to be, is beautifully situated in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice of a river is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above, it is wild, and rages as if angry with the rocks, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little 'oak school house,' as it is called, and would seem to linger as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a messenger came to Col. ———, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. ——— awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in an eddy, and seizing a pole flattened at one end for a paddle, Col. ——— pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. I have described so many night scenes that I forbear giving you this. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used now his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot be easily forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:—

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me"—and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father; as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. *Her* voice too, father,—Oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly.'

"An angel smile! But a cold calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold!—Father,—there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely, lonely.—Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the Colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the Eastern hills before we reached the schoolhouse again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before. The morning service in the school-house I have not room to describe now, for I have taken more time and space than I had any idea of.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was the inclosure where two of Col. ———'s children lie, a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high. W. W.

Prayer under Ground.

We have in our hands a rare work, published in 1843, which gives very full information respecting the coal mines and miners in England. It appears that the miners have been, to a lamentable extent, a degraded and a neglected population. But in some districts benevolent persons have labored for their good. The following extract narrates a scene of prayer in a coal mine. Surely the worshipper might say, "*De profundis clamavi.*"

"I was so desirous of witnessing their proceedings, that I resolved to ask whether I could be allowed to attend. Having permission, I stripped off my coat and hat, and being attired in a thick flannel shirt and a white felt hat, descended just before dinner. After being provided, at the bottom, with a candle stuck into a piece of moist clay, I followed my guide along the rail or tramway, every now and then stumbling against a huge stack of coal, with a horse harnessed to a rolly, standing on the line of railway, till we came to a place where three tramways met, and the space was considerable, all cut out in the solid coal, which also formed the roof, perhaps nine feet from the floor. In the centre of this open space were the dinners of the men, each tied up in his handkerchief, and the kegs of beer, and mugs to drink out of. By degrees the company arrived from different quarters, and each man, as he joined us, stuck his clay candlestick upon a projection in the wall of coal around us, so that our apartment became gradually illuminated. The head workman now took from a niche cut out in the side of the wall, a Bible and hymn book, and by the light of the nearest candle selected a hymn, and read out the first two lines, which were sung in chorus, in right good earnest, by the congregation, and so two verses were performed. Then all dropped on their knees on the ground, and with bare heads attended to the head workman, who, kneeling with his face to the wall, pronounced a really eloquent and fervent extempore prayer, followed, after their dinner, by a passage of scripture, read and explained in simple language, the whole concluding with another prayer and a hymn.

"This custom of daily prayer seems not to have been confined to this mine. But at many of the mines a most degraded and vicious class of beings was found.

"The danger in working the thick veins of coal seems to be very great. Statistics show that in Staffordshire, of one thousand one hundred and twenty-two miners over fifteen years of age, who died in the course of five and a half years, six hundred and ten were killed by accident, or more than one half! At the Netherton colliery, in 1842, there were fifty-nine accidents, many producing serious injury, and four fatal injury. The average life of the miners in that district was found to be about thirty-seven years.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Prophecy of Obadiah.

This brief work of Obadiah consists of only twenty-one verses. These are occupied with threatening evil to Edom, the old and bitter enemy of Israel. As the nation of the Edomites has been extinguished for more than 2000 years, it would seem that we had very little interest in such a book as this. Still, an attentive perusal of it will enable us to correct such a judgment. In that little book stands portrayed in glowing colors, the doctrine of retribution for enmity and injury done to others. There stands, too, in high relief, the sentiment that God is King of nations; that they are in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter; and that although he may delay, he will not remit, the claims of a just retribution. There too may comfort be found. The poor oppressed and injured Jews, who had been attacked with fury by the Edomites, when broken down and crushed to the dust by the Chaldean power, are cheered with the certain promise of deliverance from the Edomitish aggression, and with the assurance that Edom shall be trodden down and utterly unable to rise up any more against them. In short, God is king of nations; God will vindicate the cause of the oppressed; and "God is angry with the wicked every day." To attack and oppress the suffering and the humbled, is matter of high treason in his sight. We cannot exult over the calamities of others, without exposing ourselves to the righteous indignation of the supreme Judge of all.—*Stuart.*

Lord Rosse's Telescope.

In the able and interesting course of lectures delivered in this city by Prof. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, on Astronomy, there occurs a notice of the mammoth telescope of Lord Rosse, and one of its first and greatest achivements:—*N. Y. Evan.*

I now come to the investigation of the last point, the instrument of Lord Rosse. When we remember the station of this nobleman, his rank, his high position in society, we cannot fail to be struck with admiration when we remember how he devoted his fortune and his energies to the accomplishment of the grand enterprise which has occupied him for years. Distrusting the power of the Refracting Telescope, Lord Rosse determined to give his energies to the construction of a Reflecting Telescope, that would enable him to make grander discoveries than had hitherto been made. He wanted an instrument that would burst through the barriers that had hitherto bounded human vision—that would show him what lay in the vast deep beyond. I need not detail to you the construction of this mighty instrument. Instead of limiting it to four feet diameter, as HERSCHEL did, he has given his speculum six feet, with a focal distance of sixty feet. The power of this instrument is almost incredible. Such is its capacity that if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be sixty thousand years in travelling to our earth, this telescope would reveal it; were it removed so far that its light would be three millions of years in reaching us, this telescope would show it to the human eye. With such an instrument then, it is not wonderful that grand discoveries should be made. It has but been pointed to the heavens; we have only entered upon the beginning of its career, but it has already accomplished mighty things. There are scattered throughout the heavens objects nebulous in their appearance, which would not yield up their character to the instruments heretofore employed; but this instrument resolves them completely. Among the different objects that have been subjected to its scrutiny, is the wonderful nebula in the constellation Orion. I have had an opportunity of examining it. It is one of the most curious objects in the whole heavens. It is not round, and it throws off furious lights. This object has been subjected to the examination of every instrument from the time of Herschel, but it grew more and more mysterious, more difficult to understand, more strange and diverse in its character. When Lord Rosse's great telescope was directed to its examination, it for a long time resisted its power. He found it necessary to wait night after night and month after month, until finally a favoring combination of circumstances gave to him a pure atmosphere. He directed his telescope to the object, and lo! its station revealed itself, the stars of which it is composed burst upon the sight for the first time, and the problem was solved forever. Here is one of the mightiest triumphs of this instrument, but it has gone on from point to point revealing combinations of stars wonderful beyond what the imagination could conceive. In one corner of the heavens, stars cluster together in the form of a mighty scroll.

A Scene in Life.

A gay throng congregated—the casements glowed with the brilliant lights. Music regaled the senses, and excited, happy, thoughtless ones mingled in the dance.—Room for the merry revellers! care and fear, and sorrow, away!

I fancy I saw, from that same portal, issuing a funeral train. It was the young wife and friend;—it passed slow and solemn, and the grave-yard grass grew over her.

They danced on, and saw no form, remembered no friend—no death! Such is life.

Again; in the still night, by the glimmer of the stars, I stood and beheld another scene of gay and splendid revelry. The sound of instruments struck lightly on the ear, and I heard the merry tread of the dancers, and the wild joy and laugh of happy hearts—how free.

I turned and saw another scene at the same hour. The youth, brother, friend, lay in his coffin—shrouded, cold. But yesterday, he too, in the flush of health, sported with the freest, a happy heart; and now, mourning tears fell on his face, and the watcher was silent beside the dead.

I turned again to the brilliant hall. I placed that shrouded form in the midst, and the mourners by its side. The lights dimmed; the music faltered! paleness stood on the face of beauty, and fear and horror chilled stout hearts.—*Rev. C. Gold Lee.*

Brotherhood.

No man discerns the spirit of the Christian religion, and realizes the spirit that now pervades the great portion of Christian professors, and feels not the deepest sorrow. *Brotherhood* is but an unmeaning name, in the current usage of the times!—The Lord have mercy upon his professed people. The deep love that characterized the early disciples of the Saviour is seen nowhere in the mass. A dreadful spirit pervades the religious profession, as when warriors wait to ensnare each other. Yet there are beams that betoken a brighter day at hand; but who may live through the present, to enjoy the brightness of that coming day? O for a revival of the spirit of Christianity—and the spirit of brotherhood! Brotherhood, as now, is no protection against the most public injustice, or private wrong; and the mass seem to behold with indifference the most deadly injuries inflicted, without truth or justice, especially when any sectarian interest is at stake. Hell seems to have enlarged herself; and Hope delays her hour of joy. O that the Lord would grant us deliverance from the present time—and have mercy upon us.—*Genius of Christianity.*

"It Benefits me Ten Dollars a Year."

Prof. Hamilton, of Nashville University, in Tennessee, says:—When I was teaching several years since, in New Jersey, I was requested to act as Librarian in the Sabbath School. I did so, and for the purpose of enlarging the library, I drew up a paper, and carried it to the people in the village for contribution. Some gave twenty-five cents, some fifty cents, and some a dollar, till I came to the house of a rich, 'learned man,' that never went to meeting' and did not believe in the Bible.

Prof. H. being a very polite man, went in and explained the object to the unbeliever.

"Put me down ten dollars," said the infidel.

Prof. H. was astonished. At length he said: "How can the Sabbath school benefit you so much, when you never go near it?"

"Why, before the Sabbath school begun," said the infidel, "the boys of the village disturbed me on the Sabbath. They were off their day school, and while their parents were at meeting, many of the boys were in the streets, playing, laughing, or cursing, making so much noise, that I could neither read nor study. Sunday was a noisy day. But the boys now get their lessons, go to their Sunday schools, and then bring home interesting books, or papers to read, so that they never think of play. The Sunday school has made it so. The Sabbath is still and quiet. The change is worth ten dollars a year to me, and I will give that sum *every year*, if you will keep the school going.—*St. Louis Am.*

RECONCILIATION.—How calmly does conscience, overwhelmed with the burden of its sins, acquiesce in such a suretyship, as in Christ Jesus, when here at length apprised of a method of reconciliation, both worthy of God, and safe for man! Who, in the light of the Spirit, would not break out into the praises of the most gracious, the most holy and the most high God? O, the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! Glory to the Father, who raised up, accepted and gave us such a surety! Glory to the Son, who, clothing himself in human flesh, so willingly, so patiently and so constantly performed such an engagement for us. Glory to the Spirit, the revealer, the witness and the earnest of so great happiness for us.—*Witsius.*

A CHARACTERISTIC TRICK.—Some months since, a severe hurricane which agitated particular portions of France, caused great loss of property, and the lives of many persons in the neighborhood of Rouen. The general distress in that section of country enlisted the feelings of the benevolent, and a considerable amount of money was raised in aid of the sufferers, a large portion of which was placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Rouen for distribution. This dignitary gave a small part of the sum to the living sufferers; but thinking that *the dead* were entitled to their share, he placed the larger portion in the hands of the clergy to say masses for the souls of the departed! So *the priests* were the persons actually benefitted by the public largesse intended for the good people of Rouen.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NOVEL ARGUMENT.—A few days ago a young man who had become convinced that baptism, as practised by us, is the only scriptural mode, was conversing with his minister on the subject. The minister did not deny the agreement of our practice with scripture, but said that *it was only intended for the Pagans.* The young man quietly asked him if our Lord and his apostles were Pagans? Next day he was immersed.—*London Bap. Rep.*

ROMANISM IN LONDON.—We give below, a fact which is heralded in the papers far and near. It is worthy of notice.

"What all the the excitement in England for the last fifty years could not bring about for the Roman Catholics, the changes in the Government church, under Doctor Pusey, have very tranquilly and surprisingly introduced. It is stated in an English paper that the Eucharist was carried through the streets of London by Catholics, with lights blazing in procession, to visit the death-bed of one of the faithful. The people stood uncovered as it passed. Such an event has not occurred in England since the reformation. In Catholic countries these ceremonies are common."

A celebrated author justly observes that "Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism and virtue—aided by SCIENCE it makes a great man. All the energy of the hero, and all the Science of the philosopher may find scope in the cultivation of a single farm."

Truth, and Humanity, and Public Virtue, have claims upon us which we cannot dishonor. Whatever may be the value of our testimony, we must, as honest men, employ it to vindicate the Right, and promote the Good.

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